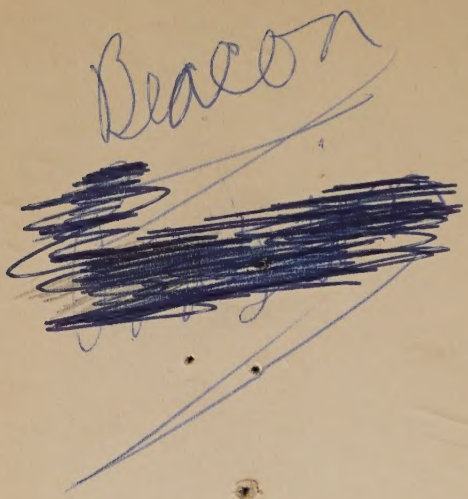
# WILLIAMS'S CHOICE LITERATURE

## BOOK FIVE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# CHOICE LITERATURE

## BOOK FIVE

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ILLUSTRATED

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CHOICE LITERATURE. BOOK V.

E-P 7

# PREFACE

Charles Dudley Warner once said, "To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands."

Not only should we train the children to visualize in reading, but so far as possible we should see that they acquire proper ideals of life, such as may come from reading such poems as those from Charles Mackay in this volume, but when the pupil has read what the author has written if he does not get the lesson you cannot help him much, and any word from you may harm him. Children instinctively dislike being preached to, or at. Avoid moralizing in regard to matters presented by an author. The story will present its own moral, if it has any for the reader.

Do not try to have pupils get out of a selection what you do. They cannot. We read into the printed page our experiences. Theirs have been quite different from yours. Tennyson's "Brook" and Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" are admirably adapted for continuing the training in visualizing.

Because the pupils who will use this volume are at an age at which the study of elementary United States history is commonly begun, a number of historical poems are given, and selections are made from such historical writers as Parkman, Fiske, Robertson, and Mackenzie, with the hope that the pupils at a later day will be led to read these authors.

As a rule we like to do only those things that we think we do well; therefore, unless you can train your pupils to read fairly well, they are not likely to form the reading habit. Some one has well said that education consists in the creation of tastes and the formation of habits. As reading does more than all other subjects taught in school to continue the education of children after they leave school, we should spare no effort to see that they read well.

The selections from Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Margaret J. Preston, Björnson, and Fiske are made by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of their works. Thanks are extended to Little, Brown, and Company for selections from Parkman; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for selections from Washington Irving; to D. Appleton and Company for selections from William Cullen Bryant; and to Charles Scribner's Sons for a selection from Miss Dodge.

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"But have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination? To the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us; it revives for us without a miracle the Age of Wonder, endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness, so that we walk invisible like fern seed, and witness unharmed the plague at Athens or Florence or London; accompany Cæsar on his marches, or look in on Catiline in council with his fellow conspirators, or Guy Fawkes in the cellar of St. Stephen's. We often hear of people who will descend to any servility, submit to any insult, for the sake of getting themselves or their children into what is euphemistically called good society. Did it ever occur to them that there is a select society of all the centuries to which they and theirs can be admitted for the asking, a society, too, which will not involve them in ruinous expense, and still more ruinous waste of time and health and faculties?"

—James Russell Lowell.

# CHOICE LITERATURE

## BOOK FIVE

### TO-DAY

#### THOMAS CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle is a very interesting character, showing how one may rise through persistent effort. He came from a family of peasants. His father was a stone mason. Carlyle was born in Scotland in 1795, and graduated from Edinburgh University in 1814. He began life as a teacher of mathematics, and made a translation of Legendre's Geometry. He was a very voluminous writer, contributing to the leading Scotch and English reviews, writing many critical essays, and making translations from the German. His first great book was "Sartor Resartus." His most noted work is his history of the French Revolution.

SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
  At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

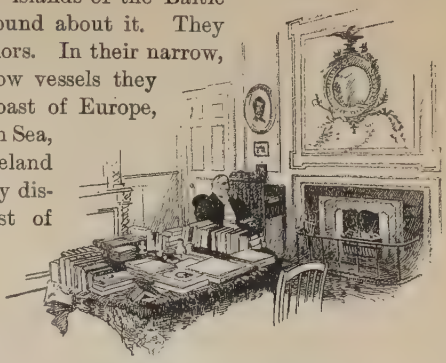
## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Henry W. Longfellow, born at Portland, Me., in 1807, was a descendant of John Alden. He graduated from Bowdoin in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce. At nineteen years of age he went to Europe, where he spent three years. On his return he was made professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College. In 1835 he was appointed to the same position in Harvard College. He resigned his position at Harvard in 1854 to give his time wholly to literature. He died in 1882. Among his longer poems are "Miles Standish," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Golden Legend," "Building of the Ship," and "The Spanish Student." His translations are very numerous. "Outre Mer," a book of travels, is one of his earlier works.

Many who do not care for poetry generally enjoy very much of what Longfellow has written. Many of his minor poems are very beautiful, and nearly all are remarkable for their perfect rhythm, which is often the feature of poetry that first attracts.

More than a thousand years ago a brave, stalwart, and venturesome people lived on the islands of the Baltic Sea, and in the country round about it. They were bold and skillful sailors. In their narrow, sharp-prowed, and shallow vessels they visited all the western coast of Europe, entered the Mediterranean Sea, discovered and settled Iceland and Greenland, and finally discovered the eastern coast of America.



Longfellow's Library

Leif the Lucky was the first of the Northmen to explore parts of this country. In the year 1000, with thirty companions, he set out, and probably reached the coast of Massachusetts, where he landed, built some huts, and spent the winter.

Two years later his brother Thorvald spent two years in America, probably going as far south as Rhode Island. Later a wealthy Icelander named Karlsefin made a settlement which was abandoned after a few years because of the hostility of the natives.

Old Tower, Newport

Many years ago as some workmen were digging on a hillside near Fall River, Mass., they came upon the skeleton of a large man who had been buried in a sitting posture. In the grave with him was found a plate of brass which may have been used as a breastplate, and around the waist was a belt of brass tubes. It was believed that both the plate and the belt of tubes were intended to serve as a pro-

tection in battle. Longfellow felt certain that the skeleton was not that of an Indian as they were not known to make use of metal armor.

There is a rude stone tower at Newport, R.I., which at the time of the discovery of the skeleton was supposed to have been built by the Northmen, though that is no longer believed.

"SPEAK! Speak! Thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapped not in eastern balms,[1]
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;[2]
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking[3] old!
My deeds, though manifold,

[1] *Eastern balms:* The meaning is that in the east bodies were embalmed and did not decay, but lacking this there was only the skeleton of the Norseman left.

[2] *As when the northern skies gleam in December:* Refers to the Northern Lights.

[3] *Viking:* The Vikings were the northern pirates of the time referred to in the text.

No Skald[1] in song has told,
No Saga[2] taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I with my childish hand
Tamed the gerfalcon;[3]
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf's[4] bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew
O'er the dark sea I flew

[1] *Skald:* An ancient Scandinavian poet.
[2] *Saga:* A Scandinavian myth or hero story.
[3] *Gerfalcon:* A large falcon of the northern regions.
[4] *Werewolf:* A person transformed into a wolf in form and appetite.

With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail bout[1]
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's[2] tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine,
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,

[1] *Wassail bout:* A drinking bout, a carousal.
[2] *Berserk:* In Norse legend a warrior who fought with frenzied fury.

Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

" Bright in her father's hall
Swords gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory.
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand;
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

" While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded ;
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's[1] flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

[1] *Sea mew :* A European gull.

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his arméd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,[1]
So that our foe we saw
Laughed as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! 'Twas the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant[2]

[1] *Skaw:* A cape, or promontory.
[2] *Cormorant:* A greedy voracious bird.

Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here
Clad in my warlike gear,

Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! To the Northland skoal!" [1]
Thus the tale ended.

[1] *Skoal:* A Scandinavian salutation when drinking a health.

## THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

AS soon as the sun rose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered.

THE SANTA MARIA

He landed in a rich dress, and with naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down,

they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to so happy an issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth.

Their complexion was of a dusky copper color, their features singular, rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid.

Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces and several parts of their bodies were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk's bells,[1] glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Toward evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.

[1] *Hawk's bells:* Bells worn by hawks when used by sportsmen in falconry.

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands, forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

## THE FIRST, BEST COUNTRY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

BUT where to find the happiest lot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for the goods they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

## TWILIGHT AT SEA

AMELIA B. WELBY

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

## GETTING SUPPLIES FROM THE WRECK

From "Robinson Crusoe"

DANIEL DEFOE

Daniel Defoe was born in 1660 or 1661. He died near London in 1731. His father was a butcher, and educated him for the Presbyterian ministry. Defoe wrote more than two hundred books and pamphlets. With all this work he found time to engage twice in business, but failed in both ventures. His writings may be placed in three classes: political writings, about which you will care nothing; fiction, of which you will read only "Robinson Crusoe," and that you should own and read again and again; and miscellaneous writings, of which you should, when you are older, read the "History of the Plague in London."

DEFOE

AFTER I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look around me, to see what kind of a place I was in, and what was to be done next. I soon found that I was in a dreadful condition. My life was saved, but I was wet, had no change of clothes, nor anything to eat or drink, or to comfort me in any way. I saw no prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts. I had no weapon so that I might hunt and kill some creature for food, or to defend myself against wild animals. I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision, and I was in such terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming on, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, as they always come abroad at night for their prey.

The only protection that I could think of was to get up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, which was growing near. I resolved to spend the night in it, and the next day consider what death I should die, for I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore in search of fresh water to drink, which, to my great delight, I soon found. I put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, and climbed the tree, and placed myself in such position that I would not fall. After having cut me a short stick for defense, being excessively fatigued I fell asleep, and slept more comfortably than I believe many could have done in my condition. In the morning I found myself greatly refreshed.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, the weather was

clear, and the storm had abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship had been lifted by the tide from the sand bar where she lay the night before, and carried almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This was within a mile of the shore where I was, and as the ship seemed to be upright still, I wished that I was on board, that I might save some things very necessary to my use.

When I came down from my lodging in the tree, I looked about me again; and the first thing I saw was the boat, which lay upon the shore, as the wind and sea had tossed her, about two miles to my right. I walked along the shore toward it as far as I could, but found an inlet of water about half a mile wide that I had no means of crossing, so I came back, being intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my subsistence.

A little after noon, I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed out so far, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. Here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for it was evident that if we had kept on board that we should have all been safe; that is, we should all have reached the shore in safety, and I should not have been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This thought forced tears to my eyes again; but, as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and swam out to it; but when I reached it, I was at loss to know how to get on board, for the ship lay aground, and high out of the water, so that there was nothing within

my reach that I could lay hold of. I swam around the vessel twice, and finally saw a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hanging down by the forechain so low that, with great difficulty, I managed to get hold of it, and by its help climb into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; and that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry. You may be sure that my first work was to see what was spoiled and what was good. I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and being very hungry, I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. All that I needed was a boat in order to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not be had. I had set my wits to work to see what could be done. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and I threw overboard all whose weight was such that I could manage them. I tied each one with a rope so that it would not drift away. When I had done this, I went down the ship's side and pulled four of the sticks together and tied them so as to form the framework of a raft. I laid several pieces of plank across, but found that the timbers were too light to support any great weight, so I took a carpen-

ter's saw and cut a spare topmast into three pieces and added them to the raft. I did this at the expense of great

labor and pains, for the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries enabled me to do more than I should have been able to do under other circumstances.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. I first put upon the raft all the plank and boards I could get, and after this, having considered well what I most wanted, I first put three of the seamen's chests down upon my raft. I had to empty these in order to be able to lower them. One of these I filled with provisions, viz.: bread, rice, Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls had been killed. There had been some barley and wheat, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten and spoiled it all. While I was loading the raft, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification of seeing my shirt, coat, and waistcoat, which I had left on the sand at the shore, swim away. As my breeches were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam out to the ship in them and my stockings. This mishap set me to rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for there were other things which I needed more; first, tools to work with. After a long search, I found the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship load of gold would have been at that time. I got it down on my raft without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some arms and ammunition. There were two very good fowling pieces and two pistols

in the great cabin. I secured these, with some powder-horns, a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but did not know where our gunner had stowed them. After much search, I found them; two dry, but the third damaged by water. I put these on board my raft, and, finding it pretty well freighted, I began to think how I should get it to the shore, as I had neither sail, oar, nor rudder. The least wind would have upset my raft, and ruined all the goods that I had on board of it.

There was much in my favor. The sea was smooth and calm; the tide was rising and setting in toward the shore, and what little wind there was blew towards the land. Having found several broken oars, and added to my tools two saws, an ax, and a hammer, I put to sea. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it to drift a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and, consequently, I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream.

But here I had liked to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think, verily, would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and, not being aground at the other end, I was very near having my cargo all slip off at the end that was afloat. I did

my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in; but holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon the level; and after a little, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and taking an oar, I thrust her off into the channel, and soon found myself in the mouth of a little river, and a strong tide running up. I looked upon both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At last I spied a little cove on the right side of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last came so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, — that is to say, sloping, — there was no place to land but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping my raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would overflow, and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground and there moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, — one on one side near one

end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I did not yet know; whether on the continent or an island; whether inhabited or uninhabited land; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling pieces, and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty reached the top, I saw my fate, to my very great affliction. I was on an island, no other land to be seen except some rocks, which lay a great way off, and two smaller islands, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found, also, that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. Yet I saw an abundance of fowls, but I knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell which were fit for food. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls, of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying; every one according to his usual note, but not

one of them of a kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, from its color and beak, though it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring the cargo on shore, which took me the rest of that day; what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for such fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I saw not how to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I had shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and I resolved to make another voyage to the vessel if possible. As I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things aside till I had taken everything out of the ship that I could. Then I called a council — that is to say, in my thoughts — whether I should take the raft back with me; but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down, and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience with the first, I neither made this so unwieldy nor loaded it so heavily, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great jackscrew, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, the most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crowbars, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, another fowling piece, a small quantity of powder, a large bagful of shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy that I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; with these I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehension, during my absence from land, that at least my provisions on shore might be devoured; but when I returned, I found no sign of any visitor; only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun to her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great; however, I spared her a bit, and she went to it, and smelled

of it, and ate it, and looked (as if pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more; so she marched off.

Having brought my second cargo on shore, — though I was obliged to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent, with a sail, and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty casks and chests up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within and an empty cask set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds on the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day to bring all the things from the ship safe to shore.

I now had the biggest magazine of all kinds that was ever laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied, for while the ship sat upright, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day, at low tide, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as well as all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion; and also the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word I brought away all the sails first and last: only that I was obliged to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time

as I could, for they were no longer useful as sails, but as canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with; I say after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by water. I soon emptied the hogshead of bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I brought all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage, and now, having plundered the ship of all that was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move. I brought two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron work I could find, and, having cut down the spritsail yard, and the mizzen yard, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all these heavy goods and came away. But my good luck now began to leave me, for this raft was so unwieldy and so overladen that, after I had entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I thought would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore and some of the iron, though with infinite

labor, for I had to dive for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this, I went every day on board and brought away what I could get.

I had now been thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable of bringing; though I believe, verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece; but preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise. However, I went on board at low water, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors and one pair of large scissors, with ten or a dozen good knives and forks; in another locker I found about thirty-six pounds' value in money.

I smiled to myself at the sight of money. "Oh, drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, — no, not the taking off the ground. One of those knives is worth the whole heap. I have no manner of use for thee!"

## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

ROBERT MACKENZIE

Robert Mackenzie was born in Scotland, near Dundee, in 1823. He was a large linen manufacturer, but wrote history, his most important work being a history of America, published in 1870.

IT was late in the history of the world before Europe and America became known to each other. During

the first fifteen centuries of the Christian Era, Europe was unaware of the vast continent which lay beyond the sea. Asia had ceased to influence her. Africa had not begun. Her history was waiting for the mighty influence which America was to exercise in her affairs through all the future ages.

Men had been slow to establish completely their dominion over the sea. They had learned very early to build ships. They availed themselves very early of the surprising power which the helm exercises over the movements of a ship. But, during many ages they found no surer guidance upon the pathless sea than that which the position of the sun and the stars afforded. When clouds intervened to deprive them of this uncertain direction they were helpless. They were thus obliged to keep the land in view, and content themselves with creeping timidly along the coast.

But at length there was discovered a stone which the wise Creator had endowed with strange properties. It was observed that a needle brought once in contact with that stone pointed ever afterward steadfastly to the north. Men saw that with a needle thus influenced they could guide themselves at sea as surely as on land. The mariner's compass untied the bond which held sailors to the coast, and gave them liberty to push out into the sea.

Just when sailors were slowly learning to put confidence in the mariner's compass there arose in Europe a vehement desire for the discovery of unknown countries. A sudden interest sprung up in all that was distant and unexplored. The strange fables told by travelers were greedily

received. The human mind was beginning to cast off the torpor of the Middle Ages. As intelligence increased, men became increasingly eager to ascertain the form and extent of the world in which they dwelt, and to acquaint themselves with those unknown races who were their fellow inhabitants.

Portugal and Spain, looking out upon the boundless sea, were powerfully stirred by the new impulse. The courts of Lisbon and Madrid swarmed with adventurers who had made discoveries, or who wished the means to make them. Conspicuous among these was an enthusiast, who, during eighteen years, had not ceased to importune incredulous monarchs for ships and men that he might open up the secrets of the sea.

He was a tall man, of grave and gentle manners, and noble though saddened look. His eye was gray, "apt to enkindle" when he spoke of those discoveries in the making of which he felt himself to be Heaven's chosen agent. He had known hardship and sorrow in his youth, and at thirty his hair was white. He was the son of a Genoese wool comber, and his name was Christopher Columbus. In him the universal passion for discovery rose to the dignity of an inspiration.

No sailor of our time would cross the Atlantic in such ships as were given to Columbus. In size they resembled the smaller of our river and coasting vessels. Only one of them was decked. The other ships were open, save at the prow and stern, where cabins were built for the crew.

The sailors went unwillingly and in much fear — compelled by an order from the king. With such ships and

such men Columbus left the land behind him and pushed out into these unknown waters. To him there were no dangers, no difficulties — God, who had chosen him to do this work, would sustain him for its accomplishment. He sailed on the 3d of August, 1492. On the 12th of October, in the dim light of early morning, he gazed out from the deck of his little ship upon the shores of a new world. His victory was gained; his work was done. How great it was he himself never knew.

He died in the belief that he had merely discovered a short route to India. He never enjoyed that which would have been the best recompense for all his toil — the knowledge that he had added a vast continent to the possessions of civilized men.

The revelation by Columbus of the amazing fact that there were lands beyond the great ocean, inhabited by strange races of human beings, roused to a passionate eagerness the thirst for fresh discoveries. The splendors of the newly-found world were indeed difficult to be resisted.

Wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice could be had, it was said, for the gathering. The sands of every river sparkled with gold. The very color of the ground showed that gold was profusely abundant. The meanest of the Indians ornamented himself with gold and jewels. The walls of the houses glittered with pearls. There was a fountain, if one might but find it, whose waters bestowed perpetual youth upon the bather. The wildest romances were greedily received, and the Old World, with its familiar and painful realities, seemed mean and hateful beside the fabled glories of the New.

# PONCE DE LEON

FRANCIS PARKMAN

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Francis Parkman was born in Boston in 1823. He graduated from Harvard in 1844. He traveled in the western prairies in order to become familiar with Indian life. He devoted his whole life to the writing of history. No other writer has told in so interesting and so clear a manner the story of the long struggle between France and England for the possession of North America. Pupils should be led to read Parkman's works. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," "A Half Century of Conflict," "Montcalm and Wolfe," "The Old Règime in Canada," and "Pioneers of France in the New World" are all intensely interesting. This selection is from the last-named work.

TOWARD the close of the fifteenth century, Spain achieved her final triumph over the infidels of Granada, and made her name glorious through all generations by the discovery of America. The religious zeal and romantic daring which a long course of Moorish wars had called forth were now exalted to redoubled fervor. Every ship from the New World came freighted with marvels which put the fictions of chivalry to shame; and to the Spaniard of that day America was a region of wonder and mystery, of vague and magnificent promise. Thither adventurers hastened, thirsting for glory and for gold, and often mingling the enthusiasm of the crusader and the valor of the knight-errant with the bigotry of inquisitors and the rapacity of pirates. They roamed over land and sea; they climbed unknown mountains, surveyed unknown oceans, pierced the sultry intricacies of tropical forests; while from year to year and from day to day new wonders were unfolded, new islands and archipelagoes, new regions

of gold and pearl, and barbaric empires of more than Oriental wealth. The extravagance of hope and the fever of adventure knew no bounds. Nor is it surprising that amid such waking marvels the imagination should run wild in romantic dreams; that between the possible and the impossible the line of distinction should be but faintly drawn, and that men should be found ready to stake life and honor in pursuit of the most insane fantasies.

Such a man was the veteran cavalier Juan Ponce de Leon. Greedy of honors and of riches, he embarked at Porto Rico with three brigantines, bent on schemes of discovery. But that which gave the chief stimulus to his enterprise was a story, current among the Indians of Cuba and Hispianola, that on the Island of Bimini, said to be one of the Bahamas, there was a fountain of such virtue, that, bathing in its waters, old men resumed their youth. It was said, moreover, that on a neighboring shore might be found a river gifted with the same beneficent property and believed by some to be no other than the Jordan. Ponce de Leon found the island of Bimini, but not the fountain. Farther westward, in the latitude of thirty degrees and eight minutes, he approached an unknown land, which he named Florida, and steering southward, explored its coast as far as the extreme point of the peninsula, when, after some farther explorations, he retraced his course to Porto Rico.

Ponce de Leon had not regained his youth, but his active spirit was unsubdued. Nine years later he attempted to plant a colony in Florida; the Indians attacked him fiercely; he was mortally wounded, and soon afterwards died in Cuba.

# THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

I COME from haunts of coot[1] and hern,[2]
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

TENNYSON

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,[3] a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

Try to form a mental image of the stream described, and the various different pictures, presented by the author. Be sure to know the meaning of the words used. A little help is given you here.

[1] *Coot:* A water bird.

[2] *Hern:* Same as heron.

[3] *Thorp:* A small village or hamlet.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.[1]

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak[2]
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;

[1] *Grayling:* A small fish.
[2] What is meant by *silvery waterbreak?*

I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

## THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

JEAN RUDOLPH WYSS

### Landing from the Wreck

AT length the faint dawn of day appeared, the long weary night was over, and with thankful hearts we perceived that the gale had begun to moderate; the blue sky was seen above us, and the lovely hues of sunrise adorned the eastern horizon.

I aroused the boys, and we assembled on the remaining portion of the deck, where they, to their surprise, discovered that no one else was on board.

"Hallo, papa! What has become of everybody? Are the sailors gone? Have they taken away the boats? Oh, papa! Why did they leave us behind? What can we do by ourselves?"

"My good children," I replied, "we must not despair, although we seem deserted. See how those on whose skill and good faith we depended have left us cruelly to our fate in the hour of danger. God will never do so. He has not forsaken us, and we will trust Him still. Only let us bestir ourselves, and each cheerily do his best. Who has anything to propose?"

"The sea will soon be calm enough for swimming," said Fritz.

"And that would all be very fine for you," exclaimed Ernest, "but think of mother and the rest of us! Why not build a raft and all get on shore together?"

"We should find it difficult, I think, to make a raft that would take us safe to shore. However, we must contrive something, and first let us try to procure what will be of most use to us."

Away we all went to see what was to be found, I myself proceeding to examine, as of great consequence, the supplies of provisions and fresh water within our reach.

My wife took her youngest son, Franz, to help her feed the unfortunate animals on board, who were in a pitiful plight, having been neglected for several days.

Fritz hastened to the arm chest, Ernest to look for tools; and Jack went towards the captain's cabin, the door of which he no sooner opened than out sprang two splendid large dogs, who showed their delight and gratitude by licking his face and hands and bounding over the deck in great joy.

When we reassembled in the cabin, each displayed his treasures.

Fritz brought a couple of guns, shot belt, powderflasks, and plenty of bullets.

Ernest produced a cap full of nails, an ax, a hammer, while pincers, chisels, and augers stuck out of his pockets.

Little Franz had a box, and eagerly began to show us the "nice little sharp hooks" it contained. "Well done Franz!" cried I; "these fishhooks, which you, the youngest, have found, may contribute more than any-

thing else in the ship to save our lives by enabling us to procure food for ourselves. Fritz and Ernest, you have chosen well."

"Will you praise me too?" said my dear wife. "I have nothing to show, but I can give you good news. Some useful animals are still alive; a cow, a donkey, two goats, six sheep, a ram, and a fine sow. I was but just in time to save their lives by feeding them."

"All these things are excellent indeed," said I; "but my friend Jack, here, has presented me with a couple of huge hungry, useless dogs, who will eat more than any of us."

"Oh, papa! They will be of use! Why, they will help us to hunt when we get on shore!"

"No doubt they will, if we ever do get on shore, Jack; but I must say I don't know how it is to be done."

"Can't we each get into a big tub and float there?" returned he. "I have often sailed splendidly like that, round the pond at home."

"My child, you have hit on a capital idea," cried I. "Now, Ernest, let me have your tools, hammers, nails, saws, augers, and all; and then make haste to collect any tubs you can find!"

Soon we found four large casks made of sound wood and strongly bound with iron hoops. They were exactly what I wanted. After much hard work I succeeded in sawing them across in the middle, making eight large tubs. I looked at them with delight, but my wife said she could never muster enough courage to get into one of them.

"Do not be too sure of that, dear wife; when you see my contrivance completed, you will perhaps prefer it to this wreck we are upon."

I procured a long, thin plank, on which my tubs could be fixed, and the two ends of this I bent upward so as to form a keel. Other planks were nailed along the sides of the tubs, and brought to a point at each end. I felt sure that in smooth water this craft would be perfectly trustworthy. We had much trouble in launching it and could not have succeeded without the use of a lever.

The craft leaned much to one side, but that was easily corrected by the use of heavy goods for ballast. To make all secure I contrived some outriggers. When the work was complete, it was too late in the day to hope to make land, so we were compelled to spend another night on the wreck.

We rose up betimes, for sleep weighs lightly on the hopeful, as well as on the anxious. We knelt together in prayer. "Now, my beloved ones," said I, "with God's help we are about to effect our escape. Let the poor animals we must leave behind be well fed, and put plenty of fodder within their reach: in a few days we may be able to return, and save them likewise. After that, collect everything you can think of which may be of use to us."

The boys joyfully obeyed me, and I selected from the large quantity of stores they got together, canvas to make a tent, a large chest of carpenter's tools, guns, pistols, powder, shot, and bullets, rods and fishing tackle, an iron pot, a case of portable soup, and another of biscuit. These useful articles, of course, took the place of the ballast I had hastily thrown in the day before.

With a hearty prayer for God's blessing, we now began to take our seats, each in his tub. Just then we heard the cocks begin to crow, as though to reproach us for deserting them. "Why should not the fowls go with us!"

exclaimed I. "If we find no food for them, they can be food for us!" Ten hens and a couple of cocks were placed in one of the tubs, which was covered over with some wire netting.

The ducks and geese were set at liberty, and took to the water at once, while the pigeons, rejoicing to find themselves on the wing, swiftly made for the shore. My wife, who managed all this for me, kept us waiting for her some little time, and came at last with a bag as big as a pillow in her arms. "This is my contribution," said she, throwing the bag to little Fritz, to be, as I thought, a cushion for him to sit upon.

All being ready, we cast off, and moved away from the wreck. My good, brave wife sat in the first compartment of the boat; next to her was Franz, a pretty little boy nearly eight years old. Then came Fritz, a handsome, spirited young fellow of fifteen; the two center tubs contained the valuable cargo; then came our bold, thoughtless Jack; next to him was Ernest, my second son, intelligent, well-formed, and rather indolent. I myself, the anxious, loving father, stood in the stern, endeavoring to guide the raft, with its precious burden, to a safe landing place.

The elder boys took the oars; every one wore a float belt, and had something useful close to him in case of being thrown into the water.

The tide was flowing which was a great help to the young oarsmen. We emerged from the wreck and glided into the open sea. All eyes were strained to get a full view of the land. The boys pulled with a will, but for some time we made no progress, as the boat kept turning

round and round, until I hit upon the right way to steer it, after which we merrily made for the shore.

We had left the two dogs on the wreck as we did not care to have their additional weight on board our craft, but when they saw us apparently deserting them, they set up a piteous howl and jumped into the sea. I was sorry to see this, for the distance to the land was so great that I did not think they could make it. They, however, followed us and occasionally rested their fore-paws on the outriggers, and kept up with us very well.

Our passage, though tedious, was safe. The nearer we approached the shore the less attractive it appeared. There were only barren rocks that seemed to threaten us with misery and want.

Many casks, boxes, and bales of goods floated on the water around us. Fritz and I managed to secure a couple of hogsheads, so as to tow them alongside. With a prospect of famine before us, it was desirable to lay hold of anything likely to contain provisions.

By and by we began to perceive that, between and beyond the cliffs, green grass and trees were to be seen. Fritz could distinguish many tall palms, and Ernest hoped they would prove to be coconut trees, and enjoyed the thought of drinking the refreshing milk.

"I am very sorry I never thought of bringing away the captain's telescope," said I.

"Oh, look here, father!" cried Jack, drawing a little spy glass joyfully out of his pocket.

By means of this glass I made out that at some distance to the left the coast was much more inviting. A strong current, however, carried us directly toward the frowning

rocks, but I presently observed an opening, where a stream flowed into the sea, and saw that our geese and ducks were swimming toward this place. I steered after them into the creek, and we found ourselves in a small bay or inlet where the water was perfectly smooth and of moderate depth. The ground sloped gently upward from the low banks of the cliffs, which here retired inland, leaving a small plain, on which it was easy for us to land.

### The Cave

I was anxious to visit Tentholm, for I feared that much of our precious stores might have suffered. Fritz and I made an excursion thither. The damage done to Falconhurst was as nothing compared to the scene that awaited us. The tent was blown to the ground, the canvas torn to rags, the provisions soaked and two casks of powder utterly destroyed. We immediately spread such things as we hoped yet to preserve, in the sun to dry. The pinnace was safe, but our faithful tub boat was dashed in pieces, and the irreparable damage we had sustained made me resolve to contrive some safer and more stable winter quarters before the arrival of the next rainy season.

Fritz proposed that we should hollow out a cave in the rock, and though the difficulties such an undertaking would present appeared almost insurmountable, I yet determined to make the attempt; we might not, I thought, hew out a cavern of sufficient size to serve as a room, but we might at least, make a cellar for the more valuable and perishable of our stores.

Some days afterward we left Falconhurst with the cart laden with a cargo of spades, hammers, chisels, pickaxes,

and crowbars, and began our undertaking. On the smooth face of the perpendicular rock I drew out in chalk the size of the proposed entrance, and then, with minds bent on success, we battered away. Six days of hard and incessant toil made but little impression; I do not think that the hole would have been a satisfactory shelter for even Master Knips; but we still did not despair, and were presently rewarded by coming to a softer and more yielding substance; our work progressed, and our minds were relieved.

On the tenth day, as our persevering blows were falling heavily, Jack, who was working diligently with hammer and crowbar, shouted: —

"Gone, father! Fritz, my bar has gone through the mountain!"

"Run around and get it," laughed Fritz; "perhaps it has dropped into Europe — you must not lose a good crowbar."

"But, really, it is through; it went right through the rock; I heard it crash down inside. Oh, do come and see!" he shouted excitedly.

We sprang to his side, and I thrust the handle of my hammer into the hole he spoke of; it met with no opposition. I could turn it in any direction I chose. Fritz handed me a long pole; I tried the depth with that. Nothing could I feel. A thin wall, then, was all that was between us and a great cavern.

With a shout of joy, the boys battered vigorously at the rock; piece after piece fell, and soon the hole was large enough for us to enter. As I stepped near the opening, and was about to make a further examination, a sudden

rush of poisonous air turned me giddy, and shouting to my sons to stand off, I leaned against the rock.

When I came to myself, I explained to them the danger of approaching any cavern or other place where the air has been for a long time stagnant. "Unless air is incessantly renewed, it becomes vitiated," I said, "and fatal to those who breathe it. The safest way of restoring it to its original state is to subject it to the action of fire; a few handfuls of blazing hay thrown into this hole may, if the place be small, sufficiently purify the air within to allow us to enter without danger." We tried the experiment. The flame was extinguished the instant it entered. Though bundles of blazing hay were thrown in, no difference was made.

I saw that we must apply some more effective remedy, and sent the boys for a chest of signal rockets we had brought from the wreck. We let fly some dozens of these fiery serpents, which went whizzing in, and disappeared, apparently at a vast distance from us. Some flew round like radiant meteors, lighted up the mighty circumference, and displayed, as by a magician's wand, a sparkling, glittering roof. They looked like avenging dragons driving a foul, malignant fiend out of a beauteous palace.

We waited for a little while after these experiments, and then I again threw in lighted hay. It burned clearly; the air was purified.

Fritz and I enlarged the opening, while Jack, springing on his buffalo, thundered away to Falconhurst to bear the great and astonishing news to his mother. Great must have been the effect of Jack's eloquence on those at home, for the timbers of the bridge were soon again resounding

under the swift but heavy tramp of his steed; and he was quickly followed by the rest of our party in the car.

All were in the highest state of excitement. Jack had stowed in the cart all the candles he could find, and now we lighted these, shouldered our arms, and entered the cave. I led the way, sounding the ground as I advanced, with a long pole, that we might not unexpectedly fall into some great hole, or chasm. Silently we marched — the mother, the boys, and even the dogs seeming overawed with the grandeur and beauty of the scene. We were in a grotto of diamonds — a vast cave of glittering crystal: the candles reflected on the walls a golden light, bright as the stars of heaven, while great crystal pillars rose from the floor like mighty trees, mingling their branches high above us and drooping in hundreds of stalactites, which sparkled and glittered with all the colors of the rainbow.

The floor of this magnificent palace was formed of hard dry sand, so dry that I saw at once that we might safely take up our abode there without the slightest fear of danger on account of dampness.

From the appearance of the brilliant crystals round about us I suspected their nature. I tasted a piece. This was a cavern of rock salt. There was no doubt about it — here was an unlimited supply of the best and purest salt!

We returned to Falconhurst with minds full of wonder at our new discovery, and plans for turning it to the best possible advantage.

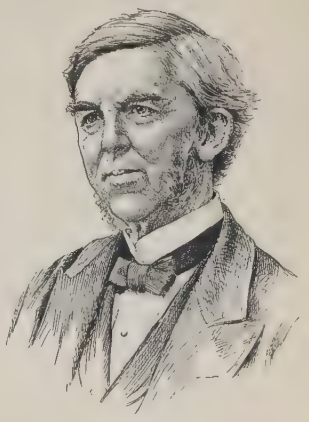
Nothing was now talked of but the new house, how it should be arranged and fitted up. Light and air were to be admitted, so we hewed a row of windows in the rock. The cave was divided into four parts ; in front a large

compartment into which the door opened. This was subdivided into sitting room, eating and sleeping departments; the right hand division contained our kitchen and workshop, the left our stables, while in the rear of all we had our storehouse and powder magazine. We contrived to build a fireplace and a chimney. For two months we worked steadily at our salt cave, in order to complete the necessary arrangement of partition walls, so as to put the rooms and the stalls for the animals in comfortable order for the next long rainy season. We first leveled the floors with clay, then spread gravel, mixed with melted gypsum over that, producing a smooth hard surface. We now had a spacious and comfortable home for the rainy season when we could be in the open air but little.

## TO THE KATYDID

### OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1809, the same year as Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson, and Darwin. Upon leaving college he studied law for a year and then abandoned it for the study of medicine. He became professor and lecturer in the Harvard Medical School, a position that he filled for thirty-five years. He died in 1894. The first of Holmes's poems to attract general attention was "Old Ironsides." Dr. Holmes is so noted as an author that we rarely remember that he was almost equally eminent as a physician. "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" is the most popular of all his prose works. He



HOLMES

wrote several novels, the best being "Elsie Venner," but they do not take rank with his poetry or even his other prose writings. As a poet Dr. Holmes is noted for wit and humor. As a song writer he has had few equals in America.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentle folks,—
Old gentle folks are they,—
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill;
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,

And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue,—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! The living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

## FERDINAND DE SOTO

ROBERT MACKENZIE

FERDINAND DE SOTO had been with Pizarro in his expedition to Peru, and returned to Spain enriched by his share of the plunder. He did not doubt that in the north were cities as rich and barbarians as confiding. An expedition to discover new regions and plunder their inhabitants was fitted out under his command. No one doubted that success, equal to that of Cortez and Pizarro, would attend this new adventure. The youth of Spain were eager to be permitted to go, and they sold houses and lands to buy them the needful equipment.

Six hundred men, in the prime of life, were chosen from the crowd of applicants, and the expedition sailed,

high in courage, splendid in aspect, boundless in expectation. They landed on the coast of Florida, and began their march into the wilderness. They had fetters for the Indians whom they meant to take captive. They had bloodhounds, lest these captives should escape. The camp swarmed with priests, and as they marched, the festivals and processions enjoined by the Church were devoutly observed.

From the outset it was a toilsome and perilous enterprise; but to the Spaniard of that time danger was a joy. The Indians were warlike, and generally hostile. De Soto had pitched battles to fight and heavy losses to bear. Always he was victorious, but he could ill afford the cost of many such victories. The captive Indians amused him with tales of regions where gold abounded. They had learned that ignorance on that subject was very hazardous. De Soto had stimulated their knowledge by burning to death some who denied the existence of gold in that country. The Spaniards wandered slowly northward. They looked eagerly for some great city, the plunder of whose palaces and temples would enrich them all. They found nothing better than occasionally an Indian town, composed of a few miserable huts. It was all they could do to get needful food. At length they came to a magnificent river. European eyes had seen no such river till now. It was about a mile in breadth, and its mass of water swept downward to the sea with a current of amazing strength. It was the Mississippi. The Spaniards built vessels and ferried themselves to the western bank.

There they resumed their wanderings. De Soto would not yet admit that he had failed. He still hoped that the

plunder of a rich city would reward his toils. For many months the Spaniards strayed among the swamps and dense forests of that dreary region. The natives showed at first some disposition to be helpful. But the Spaniards in their disappointment were pitiless and savage. They amused themselves by inflicting pain upon the prisoners. They cut off their hands; they hunted them with bloodhounds; they burned them at the stake. The Indians became dangerous. De Soto sought to awe them by claiming to be one of the gods, but the imposture was too palpable. "How can a man be a god when he cannot get bread to eat?" asked a sagacious savage. It was now three years since De Soto had landed in America. The utter failure of the expedition could no longer be concealed, and the men wished to return home. Broken in spirit and in frame, De Soto caught a fever and died. His soldiers felled a tree and scooped room within its trunk for the body of the ill-fated adventurer. They could not bury their chief on land, lest the Indians should dishonor his remains. In the silence of midnight the rude coffin was sunk in the Mississippi, and the discoverer of the great river slept beneath its waters.

The survivors promptly resolved now to make their way to Cuba. They had tools, and wood was abundant. They slew their horses for flesh; they plundered the Indians for bread; they struck the fetters from their prisoners to reënforce their scanty supply of iron. They built ships enough to float them down the Mississippi. Three hundred ragged and disheartened men were all that remained of the brilliant company whose hopes had been so high, whose good fortune had been so much envied.

## POCAHONTAS

### WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray was an Englishman who was born in India in 1811. He was educated at Trinity College. He wrote poems, humorous sketches, newspaper articles, and lectured extensively. He is best known as a novelist, his most famous novels being "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "Henry Esmond," and "The Virginians."

THACKERAY

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.

Hark! A cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah, 'tis hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd;
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid;
Quick she stands before the knight;
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am the daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right."

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted ax and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

## THANK YOU, PRETTY COW

JANE TAYLOR

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

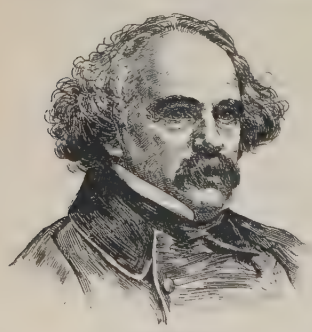
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

## THE SUNKEN TREASURE

From "Grandfather's Chair"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"AND what became of the chair?" inquired Clara. "The outward aspect of our chair," replied Grandfather, "was now somewhat the worse for its long and arduous services. It was considered hardly magnificent enough to be allowed to keep its place in the council chamber of Massachusetts. In fact it was banished as an article of useless lumber. But Sir William Phips happened to see it, and being much pleased with its construction, resolved to take the good old chair into his private mansion. Accordingly, with his own gubernatorial hands, he repaired one of its arms, which had been slightly damaged."



HAWTHORNE

"Why, Grandfather, here is the very arm!" interrupted Charley, in great wonderment. "And did Sir William Phips put in these screws with his own hands? I am sure he did it beautifully! But how came a governor to know how to mend a chair?"

"I will tell you a story about the early life of Sir William Phips," said Grandfather. "You will then perceive that he well knew how to use his hands."

So Grandfather related the wonderful and true story of The Sunken Treasure.

Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished, and adorned with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet, tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig, flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage; and his waistcoat likewise is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adz, are half covered with the delicate ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword; and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane of beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phips present when he sat in Grandfather's chair, after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent looking personage.

But Sir William Phips had not always worn a gold embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did

in Grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills, in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a widow, who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by marriage and became a poor man again. Still, he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, sometime or other, he should be very rich, and would build "a fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise, and his resolution to lead an industrious life, that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phips had not yet gained the riches which he promised himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phips went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But, before he returned, he was told of another Spanish ship, or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and, hitherto, nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phips resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phips to be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phips of the English Navy.

Captain Phips sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small; and most people would have thought that Captain Phips was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering

the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phips to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phips, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea, with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phips judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phips solicited the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair. Phips might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phips. He sailed from England, and arrived safe at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adz and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several

men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see; nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find!"

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hands. But he had learnt some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn his breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few minutes one of them rose above

the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. That single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phips of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cries Captain Phips. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, for fishing gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel, which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the king of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes and fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards, who had been drowned when the ship was

wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phips and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that they were money bags. By remaining so long in salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate, bullion, precious stones, and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous to even look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phips in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterwards, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phips and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phips resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel.

Well they might rejoice; for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phips a magnificent gold cup, worth at least five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phips left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phips.

"Sir William Phips," continued Grandfather, "was too active and adventurous a man to sit still in the quiet enjoyment of his good fortune. In the year 1690 he went on a military expedition against the French colonies in America, conquered the whole province of Acadia, and returned to Boston with a great deal of plunder."

"Why, Grandfather, he was the greatest man that ever sat in the chair!" cried Charley.

"Ask Laurence what he thinks," replied Grandfather, with a smile. "Well, in the same year, Sir William took command of an expedition against Quebec, but did not succeed in capturing the city. In 1692, being then in London, King William the Third appointed him governor of Massachusetts. And now, my dear children, having followed Sir William Phips through all his adventures and hardships till we find him comfortably seated in Grandfather's chair, we will here bid him farewell. May he be as happy in ruling a people as he was while he tended sheep!"

## THE QUAKERS AND THE INDIANS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WHEN his little audience next assembled round the chair, Grandfather gave them a doleful history of the Quaker persecution, which began in 1656, and raged for about three years in Massachusetts.

He told them how, in the first place, twelve of the converts of George Fox, the first Quaker in the world, had come over from England. They seemed to be impelled by an earnest love for the souls of men, and a pure desire to make known what they considered a revelation from Heaven. But the rulers looked upon them as plotting the downfall of all government and religion. They were banished from the colony. In a little while, however, not only the first twelve had returned, but a multitude of other Quakers had come to rebuke the rulers and to preach against the priests and steeple houses.

Grandfather described the hatred and scorn with which these enthusiasts were received. They were thrown into dungeons; they were beaten with many stripes, women as well as men; they were driven forth into the wilderness, and left to the tender mercies of wild beasts and Indians. The children were amazed to hear that the more the Quakers were scourged, and imprisoned, and banished, the more did the sect increase, both by the influx of strangers and by converts from among the Puritans. But Grandfather told them that God had put something into the soul of man, which always turned the cruelties of the persecutor to naught.

He went on to relate that, in 1659, two Quakers,

named William Robinson and Marmaduke Stephenson, were hanged at Boston. A woman had been sentenced to die with them, but was reprieved on condition of her leaving the colony. Her name was Mary Dyer. . In the year 1660 she returned to Boston, although she knew death awaited her there; and if Grandfather had been correctly informed, an incident had then taken place which connects her with our story. This Mary Dyer had entered the mintmaster's dwelling, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and seated herself in our great chair with a sort of dignity and state. Then she proceeded to deliver what she called a message from Heaven, but in the midst of it they dragged her to prison.

"And was she executed?" asked Laurence.

"She was," said Grandfather.

"Grandfather," cried Charley, clinching his fist, "I would have fought for that poor Quaker woman!"

"Ah, but if a sword had been drawn for her," said Laurence, "it would have taken away all the beauty of her death."

It seemed as if hardly any of the preceding stories had thrown such an interest around Grandfather's chair as did the fact that the poor, persecuted wandering Quaker woman had rested in it for a moment. The children were so much excited that Grandfather found it necessary to bring his account of the persecution to a close.

"In 1660, the same year in which Mary Dyer was executed," said he, "Charles II was restored to the throne of his fathers. This king had many vices; but he would not permit blood to be shed, under pretense of religion, in any part of his dominions. The Quakers in England

told him what had been done to their brethren in Massachusetts; and he sent orders to Governor Endicott to forbear all such proceedings in future. And so ended the Quaker persecution, — one of the most mournful passages in the history of our forefathers."[1]

Grandfather then told his auditors, that, shortly after the above incident, the great chair had been given by the mintmaster to the Rev. Mr. John Eliot. He was the first minister of Roxbury. But besides attending to the pastoral duties there, he learned the language of the red men, and often went into the woods to preach to them. So earnestly did he labor for their conversion that he has always been called the apostle to the Indians. The mention of this holy man suggested to Grandfather the propriety of giving a brief sketch of the history of the Indians, so far as they were connected with the English colonists.

A short period before the arrival of the first pilgrims at Plymouth there had been a very grievous plague among the red men; and the sages and ministers of that day were inclined to the opinion that Providence had sent this mortality in order to make room for the settlement of the English. But I know not why we should suppose that an Indian's life is less precious in the eye of Heaven, than that of a white man. Be that as it may, death had certainly been very busy with the savage tribes.

In many places the English found the wigwams deserted and the cornfields going to waste, with none to harvest the

[1] Hawthorne laid the scenes of one of his longer stories, "The Gentle Boy," in the time of the Quaker persecution, and Whittier has several poems relating to the same event, such as "The Exiles," "Cassandra Southwick," and "How the Women Went from Dover." His poem "The King's Missive" especially tells the story of the close of the persecution.

grain. There were heaps of earth also, which, being dug open, proved to be Indian graves, containing bows and flint-headed spears and arrows; for the Indians buried the dead warrior's weapons along with him. In some spots there were skulls and other human bones lying unburied. In 1633, and the year afterwards, the smallpox broke out among the Massachusetts Indians, multitudes of whom died by this terrible disease of the Old World. These misfortunes made them far less powerful than they had formerly been.

For nearly half a century after the arrival of the English the red men showed themselves generally inclined to peace and amity. They often made submission when they might have made successful war. The Plymouth settlers, led by the famous Captain Miles Standish, slew some of them, in 1623, without any very evident necessity for so doing. In 1636, and the following year, there was the most dreadful war that had yet occurred between the Indians and the English. The Connecticut settlers, assisted by a celebrated Indian chief named Uncas, bore the brunt of this war, with but little aid from Massachusetts. Many hundreds of the hostile Indians were slain or burned in their wigwams. Sassacus, their sachem, fled to another tribe, after his own people were defeated; but he was murdered by them, and his head was sent to his English enemies.

From that period down to the time of King Philip's War, which will be mentioned hereafter, there was not much trouble with the Indians. But the colonists were always on their guard, and kept their weapons ready for the conflict.

"I have sometimes doubted," said Grandfather, when he had told these things to the children, — "I have sometimes doubted whether there was more than a single

man among our forefathers who realized that an Indian possesses a mind, and a heart, and an immortal soul. That single man was John Eliot. All the rest of the early settlers seemed to think that the Indians were an inferior race of beings, whom the Creator had merely allowed to keep possession of this beautiful country till the white men should be in want of it."

"Did the pious men of those days never try to make Christians of them?" asked Laurence.

"Sometimes, it is true," answered Grandfather, "the magistrates and ministers would talk about civilizing and converting the red people. But, at the bottom of their hearts, they would have had almost as much expectation of civilizing the wild bear of the woods and making him fit for paradise. They felt no faith in the success of any such attempts because they had no love for the poor Indians. Now, Eliot was full of love for them; and therefore so full of faith and hope that he spent the labor of a lifetime in their behalf."

"I would have conquered them first, and then converted them," said Charley.

"Ah, Charley, there spoke the very spirit of our forefathers!" replied Grandfather. "But Mr. Eliot had a better spirit. He looked upon them as his brethren. He persuaded as many of them as he could to leave off their idle and wandering habits, and to build houses and cultivate the earth, as the English did. He established schools among them and taught many of the Indians how to read. He taught them, likewise, how to pray. Hence they were called 'praying Indians.' Finally, having spent the best years of his life for their good, Mr. Eliot resolved to

spend the remainder in doing them a yet greater benefit." "I know what that was!" cried Laurence.

"He sat down in his study," continued Grandfather, "and began a translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue. It was while he was engaged in this pious work that the mintmaster gave him our great chair. His toil needed it and deserved it."

"O Grandfather, tell us all about that Indian Bible!" exclaimed Laurence. "I have seen it in the library of the Athenæum; and the tears came into my eyes to think that there were no Indians left to read it."

## THE PILGRIMS

ROBERT MACKENZIE

IT was a bleak looking and discouraging coast which lay before them. Nothing met the eye but low sand-hills, covered with ill-grown wood down to the margin of the sea. The Pilgrims had now to choose a place for their settlement. About this they hesitated so long that the captain threatened to put them all on shore and leave them. Little expeditions were sent to explore. At first no suitable locality could be found. The men had great hardships to endure. The cold

THE MAYFLOWER

was so excessive that the spray froze upon their clothes and they resembled men cased in armor. At length a spot was fixed upon. The soil appeared to be good, and abounded in "delicate springs" of water. On the 23d of December the Pilgrims landed, stepping ashore upon a huge bowlder of granite which is still reverently preserved by their descendants. Here they resolved to found their settlement, which they agreed to call New Plymouth.

The winter was severe, and the infant colony was brought very near to extinction. They had been badly fed on board the *Mayflower*, and for some time after going ashore, there was very imperfect shelter from the weather. Sickness fell heavily upon the worn-out Pilgrims. Every second day a grave had to be dug in the frozen ground. By the time spring came in there were only fifty survivors, and these sadly enfeebled and dispirited.

But all through this dismal winter the Pilgrims labored at their heavy task. The care of the sick, the burying of the dead, sadly hindered their work; but the building of their little town went on. They found that nineteen houses would contain their diminished numbers. These they built. Then they surrounded them with a palisade. Upon an eminence beside their town they erected a structure which served a double purpose. Above it was a fort, on which they mounted six cannon; below it was their church. Hitherto, the Indians had been a cause of anxiety, but had done them no harm. Now they felt safe. Indeed, there had never been much risk. A recent epidemic had swept off nine tenths of the Indians who inhabited that region, and the discouraged survivors could ill afford to incur the hostility of their formidable visitors.

The Pilgrims had been careful to provide for themselves a government. They had drawn up and signed, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, a document forming themselves into a body politic, and promising obedience to all laws framed for the general good. Under this constitution they appointed John Carver to be their governor. They dutifully acknowledged King James, but they left no very large place for his authority. They were essentially a self-governing people. They knew what despotism was, and they were very sure that democracy could by no possibility be as bad.

The welcome spring came at length, and "the birds sung in the woods most pleasantly." The health of the colony began somewhat to improve, but there was still much suffering to endure. The summer passed not unprosperously. They had taken possession of the deserted clearings of the Indians, and had no difficulty in providing themselves with food. But in the autumn came a ship with a new company of Pilgrims. This was very encouraging; but unhappily the ship brought no provisions, and the supplies of the colonists were not sufficient for this unexpected addition. For six months there was only half allowance to each. Such straits recurred frequently during the first two or three years. Often the colonists knew not at night "where to have a bit in the morning." Once or twice the opportune arrival of a ship saved them from famishing. They suffered much, but their cheerful trust in Providence and in their own final triumph never wavered. They faced the difficulties of their position with undaunted hearts. Slowly but surely the little colony struck its roots and began to grow.

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

FELICIA D. HEMANS

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans was born in Liverpool in 1794. She developed very early a remarkable talent for poetical composition. Her first volume of poems was published when she was only fifteen years old. She died at the early age of forty-one. She wrote a great number of poems, some possessing great beauty of expression, others noted for their sentiment. The one given is the one most widely known.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocky pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

## OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky:

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar: —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies[1] of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

[1] *Harpy:* An extortioner; a rapacious person; a plunderer.

## GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York in 1783. He is sometimes, and justly so, called the founder of American literature. His first book appeared eleven years before Cooper's "Precaution" and eight years before Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Except the works of Charles Brockden Brown, which are no longer read,

American literature to the time of Irving was almost wholly political and theological.

Irving did not attend college. In fact, he was not a student, and found study distasteful. This was due, no doubt, in large measure, to ill health. He wandered with rod and gun up and down the Hudson, becoming familiar with the country that later he was to people with imaginary and legendary characters. He began the study of law, but soon drifted into literature. At about twenty-one years of age he went abroad and remained two years. On his return he began to write for Salmagundi. In 1809 he published "Knickerbocker's History of New York." He then made a second visit to England, and in 1819 he published the "Sketch-Book." Following this came "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," "Tour on the Prairies," "Astoria," "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," "Life of Washington," "Life of Goldsmith," "Mahomet and his Successors," and "Wolfert's Roost."

IRVING

In 1832 he bought a place on the east side of the Hudson near Tarrytown, which he called Sunnyside. From 1842 to 1846 he was minister to Spain. He died in 1859.

WHILE Governor Manco, or "the one armed," kept up a show of military state in the Alhambra, he became nettled at the reproaches continually cast upon his fortress, of being a nesting place of rogues and contrabandistas. On a sudden, the old potentate determined on reform, and, settling vigorously at work, ejected whole nests of vagabonds out of the fortress and the gypsy caves with which the surrounding hills are honeycombed. He

sent out soldiers, also, to patrol the avenues and footpaths, with orders to take up all suspicious persons.

One bright summer morning, a patrol, consisting of the testy old corporal who had distinguished himself in the affair of the notary, a trumpeter, and two privates, was seated under the garden wall of the Generalife, beside the road which leads down from the mountain of the sun, when they heard the tramp of a horse, and a male voice singing in rough, though not unmusical tones, an old Castilian campaigning song.

Presently they beheld a sturdy, sunburned fellow, clad in the ragged garb of a foot soldier, leading a powerful Arabian horse, caparisoned in the ancient Moresco fashion.

Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier descending, steed in hand, from that solitary mountain, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Who and what are you?"

"A poor soldier just from the wars, with a cracked crown and an empty purse for a reward."

By this time they were enabled to view him more narrowly. He had a black patch across his forehead, which with a grizzled beard, added to a certain dare-devil cast of countenance, while a slight squint threw into the whole an occasional gleam of roguish good humor.

Having answered the questions of the patrol, the soldier seemed to consider himself entitled to make others in return. "May I ask," said he, "what that city is which I see at the foot of the hill?"

"What city?" cried the trumpeter. "Come, that's too

bad. Here's a fellow lurking about the mountain of the sun, and demands the name of the great city of Granada!"

"Granada! Can it be possible?"

"Perhaps not!" rejoined the trumpeter; "and perhaps you have no idea that yonder are the towers of the Alhambra."

"Son of a trumpet," replied the stranger, "do not trifle with me; if this indeed be the Alhambra, I have some strange matters to reveal to the governor."

"You will have an opportunity," replied the corporal, "for we mean to take you before him." By this time the trumpeter had seized the bridle of the steed, and two privates had each secured an arm of the soldier, the corporal put himself in front, gave the word, "Forward — march!" and away they marched for the Alhambra.

The sight of a ragged foot soldier and a fine Arabian horse, brought in captive by the patrol, attracted the attention of all the idlers of the fortress, and of those gossip groups that generally assemble about wells and fountains at early dawn. The wheel of the cistern paused in its rotations, and the slipshod servant maid stood gaping, with pitcher in hand, as the corporal passed by with his prize. A motley train gradually gathered in the rear of the escort.

Knowing nods and winks and conjectures passed from one to another. "It is a deserter," said one; "a contrabandista," said another; "a bandelero," said a third; until it was affirmed that the captain of a desperate band of robbers had been captured by the prowess of the corporal and his patrol. "Well, well," said the old crones, one to another, "captain or not, let him get out of the

grasp of old Governor Manco if he can, though he is but one handed."

Governor Manco was seated in one of the inner halls of the Alhambra, taking his morning's cup of chocolate in company with his confessor, a fat Franciscan friar from the neighboring convent. A demure, dark-eyed damsel of Malaga, the daughter of his housekeeper, was attending upon him. The world hinted that the damsel, who, with all her demureness, was a sly, buxom baggage, had found out a soft spot in the iron heart of the old governor, and held complete control over him. But let that pass, the domestic affairs of these mighty potentates of the earth should not be too narrowly scrutinized.

When word was brought that a suspicious stranger had been taken lurking about the fortress, and was actually in the outer court, in durance of the corporal, waiting the pleasure of his excellency, the pride and stateliness of office swelled the bosom of the governor. Giving back his chocolate cup into the hands of the demure damsel, he called for his basket-hilted sword, girded it to his side, twirled up his mustaches, took his seat in a large, high-backed chair, assumed a bitter and forbidding aspect, and ordered the prisoner into his presence. The soldier was brought in, still closely pinioned by his captors, and guarded by the corporal. He maintained, however, a resolute, self-confident air, and returned the sharp scrutinizing look of the governor with an easy squint, which by no means pleased the punctilious old potentate.

"Well, culprit," said the governor, after he had regarded him for a moment in silence, "what have you to say for yourself — who are you?"

"A soldier just from the wars, who has brought away nothing but scars and bruises."

"A soldier! Humph! A foot soldier by your garb. I understand you have a fine Arabian horse. I presume you brought him, too, from the wars, besides your scars and bruises."

"May it please your excellency, I have something strange to tell about that horse. Indeed, I have one of the most wonderful things to relate. Something, too, that concerns the security of this fortress, indeed of all Granada. But it is a matter to be imparted only to your private ear, or in the presence of such only as are in your confidence."

The governor considered for a moment, and then directed the corporal and his men to withdraw, but to post themselves outside of the door, and be ready at a call. "This holy friar," said he, "is my confessor, you may say anything in his presence, and this damsel" — nodding toward the handmaid, who had loitered with an air of great curiosity — "this damsel is of great secrecy and discretion, and to be trusted with anything."

The soldier gave a glance between a squint and a leer at the demure handmaid. "I am perfectly willing," said he, "that the damsel should remain."

When all the rest had withdrawn, the soldier commenced his story. He was a fluent, smooth-tongued varlet, and had a command of language above his apparent rank. "May it please your excellency," said he, "I am, as I before observed, a soldier, and have seen some hard service; but my term of enlistment being expired, I was discharged, not long since, from the army at Val-

ladolid, and set out on foot for my native village in Andalusia. Yesterday evening the sun went down as I was traversing a great dry plain of Old Castile."

"Hold," cried the governor. "What is this you say? Old Castile is some two or three hundred miles from this."

"Even so," replied the soldier, coolly; "I told your excellency I had some strange things to relate; but not more strange than true; as your excellency will find, if you will deign me a patient hearing."

"Proceed, culprit," said the governor, twirling up his mustaches.

"As the sun went down," continued the soldier, "I cast my eyes about in search of quarters for the night, but as far as my sight could reach, there were no signs of habitation. I saw that I should have to make my bed on the naked plain, with my knapsack for a pillow; but your excellency is an old soldier, and knows, that to one who has been in the wars, such a night's lodging is no great hardship."

The governor nodded assent, as he drew his pocket handkerchief out of the basket hilt, to drive away a fly that buzzed about his nose.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the soldier, "I trudged forward for several miles until I came to a bridge over a deep ravine, through which ran a little thread of water almost dried up by the summer heat. At one end of the bridge was a Moorish tower, the upper end all in ruins, but a vault in the foundation quite entire. Here, thinks I, is a good place to make a halt; so I went down to the stream, took a hearty drink, for the water

was pure and sweet, and I was parched with thirst; then, opening my wallet, I took out an onion and a few crusts, which were all my provisions, and, seating myself on a stone on the margin of a stream, began to make my supper, intending afterwards to quarter myself for the night in the vault of the tower; and capital quarters they would have been for a campaigner just from the wars, as your excellency, who was an old soldier, may suppose."

"I have put up gladly with worse in my time," said the governor, returning his pocket handkerchief to the hilt of his sword.

"While I was quietly crunching my crust," pursued the soldier, "I heard something stir within the vault. I listened; it was the tramp of a horse. By and by a man came forth from a door in the foundation of the tower, close by the water's edge, leading a powerful horse by the bridle. I could not well make out what he was by the starlight. It had a suspicious look to be lurking among the ruins of a tower in that wild solitary place. He might be a mere wayfarer like myself; he might be a contrabandista; he might be a bandelero! What of that? Thank heaven and my poverty I had nothing to lose; so I sat still and crunched my crust.

"He led his horse to the water close by where I was sitting, so that I had a fair opportunity of reconnoitering him. To my surprise he was dressed in Moorish garb, with a cuirass of steel, and a polished skullcap that I distinguished by the reflection of the stars upon it. His horse, too, was harnessed in the Moresco fashion with great shovel stirrups. He led him, as I said, to the side of the stream, into which the animal plunged his head almost to

the eyes, and drank until I thought he would have burst.

"'Comrade,' said I, 'your steed drinks well; it is a good sign when a horse plunges his muzzle bravely into the water.'

"'He may well drink,' said the stranger, speaking with a Moorish accent; 'it is a good year since he had his last draft.'

"'By Santiago,' said I, 'that beats even the camels I have seen in Africa. But come, you seem to be something of a soldier; will you sit down and take part of a soldier's fare?' In fact, I felt the want of a companion in this lonely place, and was willing to put up with an infidel. Besides, as your excellency well knows, a soldier is never very particular about the faith of his company, and soldiers of all countries are comrades on peaceable ground."

The governor again nodded assent.

"Well, as I was saying, I invited him to share my supper, such as it was, for I could not do less in common hospitality. 'I have no time to pause for meat or drink,' said he: 'I have a long journey to make before morning.'

"'In which direction?' said I.

"'Andalusia,' said he.

"'Exactly my route,' said I; 'so, as you won't stop and eat with me, perhaps you will let me mount and ride with you. I see your horse is of a powerful frame; I'll warrant he'll carry double.'

"'Agreed,' said the trooper: and it would not have been civil and soldierlike to refuse, especially as I had offered to share my supper with him. So up he mounted, and up I mounted behind him.

"'Hold fast,' said he; 'my steed goes like the wind.'

"'Never fear me,' said I, and so off we set.

"From a walk the horse soon passed into a trot, from a trot to a gallop, and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper. It seemed as if rocks, trees, houses, everything, flew hurry-scurry behind us.

"'What town is this?' said I.

"'Segovia,' said he; and before the word was out of his mouth, the towers of Segovia were out of sight. We swept up the Guadarama Mountains and down by the Escurial; and we skirted the walls of Madrid, and we scoured away across the plains of La Mancha. In this way we went up hill and down dale, by towers and cities, all buried in deep sleep, and across mountains and plains and rivers just glimmering in the starlight.

"To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your excellency, the trooper suddenly pulled up on the side of a mountain. 'Here we are,' said he, 'at the end of our journey.' I looked about, but could see no signs of habitation; nothing but the mouth of a cavern. While I looked, I saw multitudes of people in Moorish dresses, some on horseback, some on foot, arriving as if borne by the wind, from all points of the compass, and hurrying into the mouth of the cavern like bees into a hive. Before I could ask a question, the trooper struck his long Moorish spurs into the horse's flanks, and dashed in with the throng. We passed along a steep, winding way that descended into the very bowels of the mountain. As we pushed on, a light began to glimmer up, by little and little, like the first glimmerings of day, but what caused it I could not discern. It grew stronger and stronger,

and enabled me to see everything around. I now noticed, as we passed along, great caverns, opening to the right and left, like halls in an arsenal. In some there were shields and helmets and cuirasses and lances and scimitars, hanging against the walls; in others were great heaps of warlike munitions and camp equipage lying upon the ground.

"It would have done your excellency's heart good, being an old soldier, to have seen such grand provision for war. Then, in other caverns, there were long rows of horsemen armed to the teeth, with lances raised and banners unfurled, all ready for the field; but they all sat motionless in their saddles, like so many statues. In other halls were warriors sleeping on the ground beside their horses and foot soldiers in groups ready to fall into the ranks. All were in old-fashioned Moorish dresses and armor.

"Well, your excellency, to cut a long story short, we at length entered an immense cavern, or I may say palace of grotto work, the walls of which seemed to be veined with gold and silver, and to sparkle with diamonds and sapphires and all kinds of precious stones. At the upper end sat a Moorish king on a golden throne, with his nobles on each side, and a guard of African blacks with drawn scimitars. All the crowd that continued to flock in, and amounted to thousands and thousands, passed one by one before his throne, each paying homage as he passed. Some of the multitude were dressed in magnificent robes, without stain or blemish, and sparkling with jewels; others, in burnished and enameled armor, while others were in moldered and mildewed garments, and in armor all battered and dented, and covered with rust.

"I had hitherto held my tongue, for your excellency well knows it is not for a soldier to ask many questions when on duty, but I could keep silent no longer.

"'Prithee, comrade,' said I, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

"'This,' said the trooper, 'is a great and fearful mystery. Know, O Christian, that you see before you the court and army of Boabdil, the last king of Granada.'

"'What is this you tell me?' cried I. 'Boabdil and his court were exiled from the land hundreds of years agone, and all died in Africa.'

"'So it is recorded in your lying chronicles,' replied the Moor; 'but know that Boabdil and the warriors who made the last struggle for Granada were all shut up in the mountain by powerful enchantment. As for the king and army that marched forth from Granada at the time of the surrender, they were a mere phantom train of spirits and demons, permitted to assume those shapes to deceive the Christian sovereigns. And, furthermore, let me tell you, friend, that all Spain is a country under the power of enchantment. There is not a mountain cave, not a lonely watchtower in the plains, nor a ruined castle on the hills, but has some spellbound warriors sleeping from age to age within its vaults, until the sins are expiated for which Allah permitted the dominion to pass for a time out of the hands of the faithful. Once every year, on the eve of St. John, they are released from enchantment, from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign; and the crowds which you beheld swarming into the cavern are Moslem warriors from their haunts in all parts of Spain. For my part, you saw the

ruined tower of the bridge in Old Castile, where I have now wintered and summered for many hundred years, and where I must be back again by daybreak. As to the battalions of horse and foot which you beheld drawn up in array in the neighboring caverns, they are the spellbound warriors of Granada. It is written in the book of fate, that, when the enchantment is broken, Boabdil will descend from the mountain at the head of this army, resume his throne in the Alhambra, and his sway of Granada, and gathering together the enchanted warriors from all parts of Spain, will reconquer the Peninsula and restore it to Moslem rule.'

"'And when shall this happen?' said I.

"'Allah alone knows. We had hoped that the day of deliverance was at hand; but there reigns at present a vigilant governor in the Alhambra, a stanch old soldier, well known as Governor Manco. While such a warrior holds command of the very outpost, and stands ready to check the first irruption from the mountain, I fear Boabdil and his soldiery must be content to rest upon their arms.'"

Here the governor raised himself somewhat perpendicularly, adjusted his sword, and twirled up his mustaches.

"To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your excellency, the trooper, having given me this account, dismounted from his steed.

"'Tarry here,' said he, 'and guard my steed while I go and bow the knee to Boabdil.' So saying he strode away among the throng that pressed forward to the throne.

"'What's to be done?' thought I, when thus left to myself; 'shall I wait here until this infidel returns to whisk me off on his goblin steed, the Lord knows where,

or shall I make the most of my time and beat a retreat from this hobgoblin community?' A soldier's mind is soon made up, as your excellency well knows. As to the horse, he belonged to an avowed enemy of the faith and the realm, and was a fair prize according to the rules of war. So hoisting myself from the crupper into the saddle, I turned the reins, struck the Moorish stirrups into the sides of the steed, and put him to make the best of his way out of the passage by which he had entered. As we scoured by the halls where the Moslem horsemen sat in motionless battalions, I thought I heard the clang of armor and a hollow murmur of voices. I gave the steed another taste of the stirrups and doubled my speed. There was now a sound behind me like a rushing blast; I heard the clatter of a thousand hoofs; a countless throng overtook me. I was borne along in the press, and hurled forth from the mouth of the cavern while thousands of shadowy forms were swept off in every direction by the four winds of heaven.

"In the whirl and confusion of the scene, I was thrown senseless to the earth. When I came to myself I was lying on the brow of a hill, with the Arabian steed standing beside me; for in falling, my arm had slipped within the bridle, which, I presume, prevented his whisking off to Old Castile.

"Your excellency may easily judge of my surprise, in looking round, to behold the hedges of aloes and Indian figs, and other proofs of a southern climate, and to see a great city below me, with towers and palaces and a grand cathedral.

"I descended the hill cautiously, leading my steed, for

I was afraid to mount him again, lest he should play me some slippery trick. As I descended, I met with your patrol, who let me into the secret that it was Granada that lay before me, and that I was actually under the walls of the Alhambra, the fortress of the redoubted Governor Manco, the terror of all enchanted Moslems. When I heard this, I determined at once to seek your excellency, to inform you of all that I had seen, and to warn you of the perils that surround and undermine you, that you may take measures in time to guard your fortress, and the kingdom itself, from this intestine army that lurks in the very bowels of the land."

"And prithee, friend, you who are a veteran campaigner, and have seen so much service," said the governor, "how would you advise me to proceed, in order to prevent this evil?"

"It is not for a humble private of the ranks," said the soldier, modestly, "to pretend to instruct a commander of your excellency's sagacity; but it appears to me that your excellency might cause all the caves and entrances into the mountains to be walled up with solid mason work, so that Boabdil and his army might be completely corked up in their subterranean habitation. If the good father, too," added the soldier, reverently bowing to the friar, and devoutly crossing himself, "would consecrate the barricadoes with his blessing, and put up a few crosses and relics and images of the saints, I think they might withstand all the power of infidel enchantments."

"They would doubtless be of great avail," said the friar.

The governor now placed his arm akimbo, with his hand resting on the hilt of his Toledo, fixed his eye upon

the soldier, and gently wagging his head from one side to the other: "So, friend," said he, "then you really suppose I am to be gulled with this cock-and-bull story about enchanted mountains and enchanted Moors? Hark ye, culprit; not another word! An old soldier you may be; but you'll find you have an older soldier to deal with, and one not easily outgeneraled. Ho, guards there! Put this fellow in irons."

The demure handmaid would have put in a word in favor of the prisoner, but the governor silenced her with a look.

As they were pinioning the soldier, one of the guards felt something of bulk in his pocket, and drawing it forth, found a long leather purse that appeared to be well filled. Holding it by one corner, he turned the contents out upon the table before the governor, and never did freebooter's bag make more gorgeous delivery. Out tumbled rings and jewels, and rosaries of pearls, and sparkling diamond crosses, and a profusion of ancient gold coin, some of which fell jingling to the floor, and rolled away to the uttermost parts of the chamber.

For a time the functions of justice were suspended; there was a universal scramble after the glittering fugitives. The governor alone, who was imbued with true Spanish pride, maintained his stately decorum, though his eye betrayed a little anxiety until the last coin and jewel was restored to the sack.

The friar was not so calm. His whole face glowed like a furnace, and his eyes twinkled and flashed at sight of the rosaries and crosses.

"Sacrilegious wretch that thou art!" exclaimed he.

"What church or sanctuary hast thou been plundering of these sacred relics?"

"Neither one nor the other, holy father. If they be sacrilegious spoils, they must have been taken in times long past by the infidel trooper I have mentioned. I was just going to tell his excellency, when he interrupted me, that on taking possession of the trooper's horse, I unhooked a leathern sack which hung at the saddle bow, and which I presume contained the plunder of his campaignings in days of old, when the Moors overran the country."

"Mighty well! At present you will make up your mind to take up your quarters in a chamber of the Vermilion Towers, which, though not under a magic spell, will hold you as safe as any cave of your enchanted Moors."

"Your excellency will do as you think proper," said the prisoner, coolly. "I shall be thankful to your excellency for any accommodation in the fortress. A soldier who has been in the wars, as your excellency well knows, is not particular about his lodgings. Provided I have a snug dungeon, and regular rations, I shall manage to make myself comfortable. I would only entreat that while your excellency is so careful about me, you would have an eye to your fortress, and think on the hint I dropped about stopping up the entrances to the mountain."

Here ended the scene. The prisoner was conducted to a strong dungeon in the Vermilion Towers, the Arabian steed was led to his excellency's stable, and the trooper's sack was deposited in his excellency's strong box. To the latter, it is true, the friar made some demur, questioning whether the sacred relics, which were evidently

sacrilegious spoils, should not be placed in the custody of the church; but as the governor was peremptory on the subject, and was absolute lord in the Alhambra, the friar discreetly dropped the discussion, but determined to convey intelligence of the fact to the church dignitaries in Granada.

To explain these prompt and rigid measures on the part of old Governor Manco, it is proper to observe that about this time the Alpuxaras Mountains in the neighborhood of Granada were terribly infested by a gang of robbers under the command of a daring chief named Manuel Borasco, who were accustomed to prowl about the country and even to enter the city in various disguises, to gain intelligence of the departure of convoys of merchandise, or travelers with well-lined purses, whom they took care to waylay in distant and solitary passes of the road.

These repeated and daring outrages had awakened the attention of the government, and the commanders of the various posts had received instructions to be on the alert, and to take up all suspicious stragglers. Governor Manco was particularly zealous in consequence of the various stigmas that had been cast upon his fortress, and he now doubted not he had entrapped some formidable desperado of this gang.

In the meantime the story took wind, and became the talk, not merely of the fortress, but of the whole city of Granada. It was said that the noted robber, Manuel Borasco, the terror of the Alpuxaras, had fallen into the clutches of old Governor Manco, and had been cooped up by him in a dungeon of the Vermilion Towers; and every one who had been robbed by him, flocked to recognize the marauder.

The Vermilion Towers, as is well known, stand apart from the Alhambra, on a sister hill, separated from the main fortress by a ravine down which passes the main avenue. There were no outer walls, but a sentinel patrolled before the tower. The window of the chamber in which the soldier was confined was strongly grated, and looked upon a small esplanade. Here the good folks of Granada repaired to gaze at him, as they would at a laughing hyena, grinning through the cage of a menagerie. Nobody, however, recognized him for Manuel Borasco, for that terrible robber was noted for a ferocious physiognomy, and had by no means the good-humored squint of the prisoner. Visitors came not merely from the city, but from all parts of the country; but nobody knew him, and there began to be doubts in the minds of the common people whether there might not be some truth in his story. That Boabdil and his army were shut up in the mountain was an old tradition which many of the ancient inhabitants had heard from their fathers.

Numbers went up to the mountain of the sun in search of the cave mentioned by the soldier, and saw and peeped into the deep dark pit, descending, no one knows how far, into the mountain, and which remains there to this day, the fabled entrance to the subterranean abode of Boabdil.

By degrees the soldier became popular with the common people. A freebooter of the mountains is by no means the opprobrious character in Spain that a robber is in any other country; on the contrary, he is a kind of chivalrous personage in the eyes of the lower classes. There is always a disposition, also, to cavil at the conduct of those

in command, and many began to murmur at the high-handed measures of old Governor Manco, and to look upon the prisoner in the light of a martyr.

The soldier, moreover, was a merry, waggish fellow, that had a joke for every one who came near his window, and a soft speech for every female. He had procured an old guitar also, and would sit by his window and sing ballads and love ditties, to the delight of the women of the neighborhood, who would assemble on the esplanade in the evening, and dance boleros to his music. Having trimmed off his rough beard, his sunburnt face found favor in the eyes of the fair, and the demure handmaiden of the governor declared that his squint was perfectly irresistible. This kind-hearted damsel had from the first evinced a deep sympathy in his fortunes, and having in vain tried to mollify the governor, had set to work privately to mitigate the rigor of his dispensations. Every day she brought the prisoner some crumbs of comfort which had fallen from the governor's table, or had been abstracted from his larder, together with, now and then, a consoling bottle of choice, rich Malaga.

While this petty treason was going on in the very center of the old governor's citadel, a storm of open war was brewing up among his external foes. The circumstance of a bag of gold and jewels having been found upon the person of the supposed robber had been reported, with many exaggerations, in Granada. A question of territorial jurisdiction was immediately started by the governor's inveterate rival, the captain general. He insisted that the prisoner had been captured without the precincts of the Alhambra, and within the rules of his authority. He

demanded his body, therefore, and the spolia opima[1] taken with him. Due information having been carried, likewise, by the friar to the grand inquisitor, of the crosses and rosaries and other relics contained in the bag, he claimed the culprit as having been guilty of sacrilege, and insisted that his plunder was due to the church, and his body to the next Auto da Fé. The feuds ran high; the governor was furious, and swore, rather than surrender his captive, he would hang him up within the Alhambra as a spy caught within the purlieus of the fortress.

The captain general threatened to send a body of soldiers to transfer the prisoner from the Vermilion Towers to the city. The grand inquisitor was equally bent upon dispatching a number of the familiars of the Holy Office. Word was brought, late at night, to the governor, of these machinations. "Let them come," said he; "they'll find me beforehand with them. He must rise bright and early, who would take in an old soldier." He accordingly issued orders to have the prisoner removed, at daybreak, to the donjon keep within the walls of the Alhambra. "And d'ye hear, child?" said he to his demure handmaid, "tap at my door, and wake me before cock crowing, that I may see to the matter myself."

The day dawned, the cock crowed, but nobody tapped at the door of the governor. The sun rose high above the mountain tops, and glittered in at his casement, ere the governor was awakened from his morning dreams by his veteran corporal, who stood before him with terror stamped upon his iron visage.

"He's off! He's gone!" cried the corporal, gasping for breath.

[1] Richest spoils.

"Who's off — who's gone?"

"The soldier — the robber — the devil, for aught I know. His dungeon is empty, but the door is locked. No one knows how he escaped out of it."

"Who saw him last?"

"Your handmaid; she brought him his supper."

"Let her be called instantly."

Here was new matter of confusion. The chamber of the demure damsel was likewise empty, her bed had not been slept in; she had doubtless gone off with the culprit, as she had appeared, for some days past, to have frequent conversations with him.

This was wounding the old governor in a tender part, but he had scarce time to wince at it, when new misfortunes broke upon his view. On going into his cabinet, he found his strong box open, the leather purse of the trooper abstracted, and with it a couple of corpulent bags of doubloons.

But how, and which way had the fugitives escaped? An old peasant who lived in a cottage by the roadside, leading up into the Sierra, declared that he had heard the tramp of a powerful steed just before daybreak, passing up into the mountains. He had looked out at his casement, and could just distinguish a horseman, with a female seated before him.

"Search the stables!" cried Governor Manco. The stables were searched; all the horses were in their stalls excepting the Arabian steed. In his place was a stout cudgel tied to the manger, and on it a label bearing these words: —

"A gift to Governor Manco, from an Old Soldier."

## HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

John Howard Payne was born in New York in 1792. Both as boy and man he exhibited remarkable qualities. Distinguished as author and actor, it is in the latter field that he was best known in his day, though now generally known only as the author of the following song.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home,
Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home —
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that come at my call —
Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home, etc.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

MARGARET J. PRESTON

Margaret J. Preston was born in Philadelphia about 1835. She is the author of "Old Songs and New," "Colonial Ballads," and other volumes of verse.

"AND now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and covered the meadows o'er,

"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say, —
Through virtue of vested power, — ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit, who maketh the harvests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy.

"We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hand in Devon, —
Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven!
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie, —
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin pie!"

So, bravely the preparations went on for the Autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least

Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brewed
served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest for orange and
peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed. The snow had begun
to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily
out for all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with
glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the
Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons, and
maidens fair,
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corslet and
sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn
the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed
Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sat down with his hun-
dred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and
waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest, — with a blow on
his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His white
children best."

And then, as the feast was ended, with gravely official air,
The Governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail, Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

## YOU AND I

CHARLES MACKAY

Charles Mackay, a Scotch poet, has written many poems that teach a most wholesome lesson. His poems show his deep sympathy with all that is best in human nature and a corresponding contempt for what is selfish and mean. Among his short poems are "The Vicar's Sermon," "The Good Time Coming," "What Might be Done," "Daily Work," "Little and Great," and many others of a similar character.

WHO would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No — you would not.
If you would — not I.

Who, when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere,
Asked for pardon, would refuse it —
More than Heaven severe?

Who, to erring woman's sorrow,
Would with taunts reply?
Would you, brother? No — you would not.
If you would — not I.

Would you say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or, that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No — you would not.
If you would — not I.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause is strong;
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No — you would not.
If you would — not I.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No — you would not.
If you would — not I.

## DAILY WORK

CHARLES MACKAY

WHO lags from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime:
A soulless slave —
A paltry knave —
A clog upon the wheels of time,
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! Let us work! We only ask
Reward proportion'd to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great —
No feud with rank —
With mill or bank —
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers;
The more we work, the more we win;
Success to trade!
Success to spade!

And to the corn that's coming in.
And joy to him who o'er his task,
Remembers toil is Nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a man!

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
And leisure, when his work is done
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun —
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free;
These are the men —
The best of men —
These are the men we mean to be.

## LITTLE AND GREAT

CHARLES MACKAY

A TRAVELER, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again — and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
  'Twas old — and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo, its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame.
The thought was small — its issue great,
  A watch fire on the hill.
It sheds its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last.

## WHITTLING

JOHN PIERPONT

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1785. He was first tutor, then lawyer, then merchant, and finally preacher. He was always a poet, and wrote with considerable skill and force.

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
  Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,

His elder popgun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His cornstalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers stanch,
And waiting, near the washtub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jackknife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any jimcrack, musical or mute,
A plow, a couch, an organ, or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four; —
Make it, said I? — Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

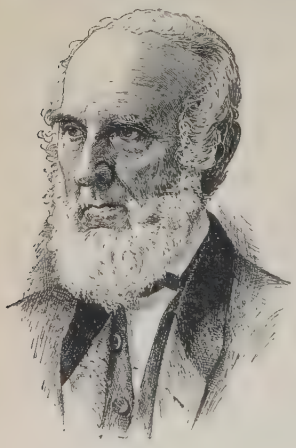
And when the thing is made, — whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,

Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

## THE CORN SONG

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The principal crop of the Pilgrims was maize or Indian corn. Its importance to the Pilgrims led the poet Whittier to write the following poem illustrating the part it played in the life of the early settlers of New England : —



WHITTIER

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and mellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

# CHAMPLAIN AT TICONDEROGA

JOHN FISKE

John Fiske was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1842. He graduated from Harvard, and was a professor of history there and at Washington University. He lectured extensively in the United States and in Great Britain. He is one of the clearest and most accurate of all the writers of American history. Every one who wishes to have a clear knowledge of the history of our country should read his historical works. He has written "The Discovery of America," "The Beginnings of New England," "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," "The American Revolution," "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," and "The Critical Period of American History." The latter is especially valuable for older readers.

CHAMPLAIN

AS the war party came nearer and nearer to the enemy's country they took more pains in scouting, and at last they advanced only by night. As the sky reddened in the morning they would all go ashore, draw up their canoes under the bushes, and slumber on the carpet of moss and pine needles until sunset, then they would stealthily embark and briskly ply the paddles till dawn. It was on the 29th of July, a full month after leaving Quebec, that they were approaching the promontory since famous under its resounding Iroquois name of Ticonderoga, or "meeting of the waters," since there Lake George is divided only by a thin strip of land from Lake Champlain; as they were approaching this promontory late

in the evening they descried a dark multitude of heavy elm-bark canoes which were at once recognized as Iroquois.

Naval battles are not to the red man's taste. The Iroquois landed at once and began building a barricade, while the invaders danced a scornful jig in their canoes, and the very air was torn asunder with yells. All night the missiles in vogue were taunts and jeers, with every opprobrious and indecent epithet that the red man's gross fancy could devise.

Early in the morning the invaders landed, all except the Frenchmen, who lay at full length, covered with skins. There was no thought of tactics. The landing was unopposed, though the enemy were at least three to one. There were as many as 200 of them, all Mohawks, tall, lithe, and many of them handsome, the best fighters in the barbaric world. In the ordinary course of things the invaders would have paid dearly for their rashness. As it was, their hearts began to quake, and they called aloud for Champlain.

Then he arose and coolly stepped ashore before the astonished Mohawks, while his two comrades, moving to a flank position, stationed themselves among the trees. Half palsied with terror at this supernatural visitation, the Mohawks behaved like stanch men, and raised their bows to shoot, when a volley from Champlain's arquebus,[1] into which he had stuffed four balls, instantly slew two of their chiefs and wounded another. A second fatal shot from one of the other Frenchmen settled the day. The Mohawks turned and fled in a panic, leaving many prisoners in Algonquin hands. Most of these poor wretches were carried off to the Huron and Ottawa countries, to be slowly

[1] *Arquebus:* A firearm something like a musket, but heavy and clumsy.

burned to death for the amusement of the squaws and children. There was an intention of indulging to some extent in this pastime on the night following the victory, but Champlain put a stop to it.

The infliction of torture was a sight to which he was not accustomed; at the hissing of the live flesh under the firebrand he could not contain himself, but demanded the privilege of shooting the prisoner, and his anger was so genuine and imperative that the barbarians felt obliged to yield.

After this summer day's work there was a general movement homewards. It was a fair average specimen, doubtless, of warfare in the Stone Age; a long, desultory march, a random fight, a few deaths on the field and a few more at the stake, nothing definitely accomplished.

This last remark, however, will not apply to Champlain's first forest fight. A specimen of the Stone Age in all other particulars, it was in one particular — the presence of three Frenchmen — entirely remote from the Stone Age. In that one particular it not only accomplished something definite, but it marked an epoch. Of the many interesting military events associated with Ticonderoga, it seems the most important. There was another July day 149 years later when a battle was fought at Ticonderoga in which 20,000 men were engaged, and more than 2000 were killed and wounded. That battle, in which the Americans and British were woefully defeated by the Marquis de Montcalm, was a marvelous piece of fighting, but it is now memorable only for its prodigies of valor which failed to redeem the dullness of the English general. It decided nothing, and so far as any appreciable effect upon the future was concerned, it might as well not have been

fought. But the little fight of 1609, in which a dozen or more Indians were killed, marks with strong emphasis the beginning of the deadly hostility between the French in Canada and the strongest Indian power on the continent of North America. In all human probability the breach between the Frenchmen and the Iroquois would in any case have come very soon; it is difficult to see what could have prevented it. But in point of fact it actually did begin with Champlain's fight with the Mohawks.

On the July day when the Frenchman's thunder and lightning so frightened those dusky warriors, a little Dutch vessel named the *Half-Moon*, with an English captain, was at anchor in Penobscot Bay, while the ship's carpenter was cutting and fitting a new foremast. A few weeks later the *Half-Moon* dropped anchor above the site of Troy and within the very precincts over which the warriors of the Long House kept watch. How little did Henry Hudson imagine what a drama had already been inaugurated in those leafy solitudes! A few shots of an arquebus on that July morning had secured for the Frenchmen the most dangerous enemy and for the Dutchmen and Englishmen the most helpful friend that the mysterious American wilderness could afford.

## THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley, a popular English writer, was born at Devonshire in 1819, and died in 1875. His works for young people are "Water Babies," a fairy tale, "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," and "Greek Fairy Tales." You would enjoy "Westward Ho" now, and will do well to read it. His best novel is probably "Hypatia." He was greatly interested in the trials and hardships of working classes in large towns, and showed this feeling in "Alton Locke" and "Yeast."

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west —
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpse lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, —
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

## BATTLE OF TICONDEROGA

JOHN FISKE

IT is probable that Montcalm made a mistake in trying to defend the point of land upon which the fortress of Ticonderoga stood, for there were several ways in which Abercrombie might have defeated him. He might have sent back to the landing place and brought up all his cannon and used them to batter down these wooden obstructions before charging them with his infantry. That, one would suppose, would have been a mere ordinary precaution. And then there was a hill in the immediate neighborhood where Abercrombie might have planted a few batteries that could have torn the French army to pieces, and must have obliged them to change their position at once. Precisely such use of that hill was made in 1777 by General Burgoyne, with the desired result of taking Ticonderoga, and since that occasion it has been known as Mount Defiance. Yet again, if Abercrombie had made a feint with a part of his army upon Montcalm's position, while with his main force he had marched about five miles on the road to Crown Point, he would have found the lake there so narrow that he might have commanded the whole of it with batteries, and thus cut off Montcalm's retreat and left it for starvation to do the rest.

MONTCALM

It would seem, therefore, that Montcalm was rescued from a perilous situation by the stupidity of his enemy, and it is among the possibilities that he may have counted upon that very circumstance. There is a curious analogy between this battle of Ticonderoga and those of Bunker Hill and New Orleans. At Bunker Hill the American force was completely at the mercy of the British, and might have been forced to surrender without the loss of a life. This would have been done if the British had simply gone by water and occupied Charlestown Neck, but the brother of the young general slain at Ticonderoga preferred to assault intrenchments, and suffered accordingly.

So, too, at New Orleans. It was not necessary for Sir Edward Pakenham to assault Andrew Jackson's intrenchments, for he might have advanced up the further bank of the Mississippi River and turned the whole position, but he preferred the bulldog method, and, very probably, Jackson should have the credit of having known his man.

With regard to Abercrombie, he seems to have been influenced by undue haste. A rumor reached him that reënforcements were on the way to Montcalm, and therefore he was anxious to adopt the quickest method. Besides, he seems to have harbored that fallacious notion that one Englishman can under any circumstances beat three Frenchmen. At all events, on the forenoon of July 8 the assault was ordered.

The instructions to the English infantry were to carry the works by a solid bayonet charge, an order which seems almost incredible, for as might have been expected, the compactness needed for a bayonet charge was almost instantly broken up by the tangle of pointed boughs and the

trunks lying in all directions upon the ground, and presently the assailants caught in a hailstorm of grape and musket shot on either flank, could only answer by firing in turn. Again and again, with astounding gallantry, the men from New England and Old England returned to the charge. Between noon and nightfall they made six assaults of the most desperate character, sometimes almost winning their way over the parapet, but of course the situation was utterly hopeless. The greater the bravery, the sadder the loss of life. At twilight when the firing ceased, Abercrombie had lost in killed and wounded two thousand men.

Even after all this useless waste of life, there was no reason why the English should have retreated. Montcalm was in no condition to take the offensive, and it would still have been in Abercrombie's power to march down the Crown Point road and cut off all supplies from the French army; but our accounts agree in representing the general's conduct as disgraceful. He seems to have lost his head, and thought only of escaping, as from a superior foe. By the time he had returned to the head of Lake George, Abercrombie found himself a laughingstock. People called him a poltroon, an old woman, Mrs. Nabbycrombie, and such other nicknames and epithets as served to relieve their feelings.

## WILLIAM THE TESTY

WASHINGTON IRVING

HE was a brisk, waspish, little old gentleman, who had dried and withered away, partly through the natural process of years, and partly from being parched and burned up by his fiery soul, which blazed like a vehement rushlight in his bosom, constantly inciting him to most valorous broils, altercations, and misadventures. I have heard it observed by a profound philosopher, that, if a woman waxes fat as she grows old, the tenure of her life is precarious; but, if haply she withers, she lives forever; such was the case with William the Testy, who grew tougher in proportion as he dried.

He was some such a little Dutchman as we may now and then see stumping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad-skirted coat with huge buttons, an old-fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad and his features sharp; his nose turned up with a most petulant curl; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red, doubtless in consequence of the neighborhood of two fierce little gray eyes, through which his torrid soul burned with tropical fervor. The corners of his mouth were curiously modeled into a kind of fretwork, not a little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog; in a word, he was one of the most positive, restless, ugly little men, that ever put himself into a passion about nothing.

Such were the personal endowments of William the Testy, but it was the sterling riches of his mind that raised him to

dignity and power. In his youth he had passed with great credit through a celebrated academy at The Hague, noted for manufacturing scholars with a dispatch unequaled, except by certain of our American colleges. Here he skirmished very smartly on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made so gallant an inroad into the dead languages as to bring off captive a host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and apothegms, all of which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravaged.

He had, moreover, puzzled himself considerably with logic, in which he had advanced so far as to attain a very familiar acquaintance, by name at least, with the whole family of syllogisms and dilemmas; but what he chiefly valued himself on was his knowledge of metaphysics, in which, having once upon a time ventured too deeply, he came nigh being smothered in a slough of unintelligible learning, — a fearful peril, from the effects of which he never perfectly recovered.

This, I must confess, was in some measure a misfortune, for he never engaged in argument, of which he was exceedingly fond, but what between logical deductions and metaphysical jargon, he soon involved himself and his subject in a fog of contradictions and perplexities, and then would get into a mighty passion with his adversary for not being convinced gratis.

It is in knowledge as in swimming; he who ostentatiously sports and flounders on the surface makes more noise and splashing, and attracts more attention, than the industrious pearl diver, who plunges in search of treasures

to the bottom. The "universal acquirements" of William Kieft were the subject of great marvel and admiration among his countrymen; he figured about at The Hague with as much vainglory as does a profound Bonze at Pekin, who has mastered half the letters of the Chinese alphabet; and, in a word, was unanimously pronounced a universal genius.

I have known many universal geniuses in my time though, to speak my mind freely, I never knew one who, for the ordinary purposes of life, was worth his weight in straw; but, for the purposes of government, a little sound judgment and plain common sense is worth all the sparkling genius that ever wrote poetry or invented theories.

## THE DUTCH GOVERNOR

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of, — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates.

WOUTER VAN TWILLER

There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world, — one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first,

many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom.

This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity, that he was never known to laugh or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim: "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it.

Certain it is that, if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had doubts about the matter," which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What

is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original dwijfler, or, in plain English, doubter.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between his shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face — that infallible index of the mind — presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his dull full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours; and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty.

Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved around it, or it around the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philospher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council Governor Van Twiller presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitation of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers.

In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eyes for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that, when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his

mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleeker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth, — either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story, — he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun-al-Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a high Dutch commentator, or a learned

decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word.

At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity counted over the leaves and weighed the books. It was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other; therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years.

I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter, — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

## ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, THE RED, AND THE BLACK MEN

WASHINGTON IRVING

WHEN the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest. "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare, but, after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make

men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man, and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books and maps and papers; the second, with bows and arrows, knives, and tomahawks; the third, with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, 'are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.'

"The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and paper. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left but to put up with the box of tools.

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write, to understand all about the moon and stars, and to make everything, even rum and whisky. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter and a mighty warrior; but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had

not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whisky, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do. We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learned to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians.

"They went on to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington.

"And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their land, and the graves of their fathers; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

## THE GOVERNOR AND THE NOTARY

WASHINGTON IRVING

IN former times there ruled, as governor of the Alhambra, a doughty old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of el Gobernador Manco, or "the one-armed governor." He,

THE ALHAMBRA

in fact, prided himself upon being an old soldier, wore his mustaches curled up in his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a Toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket handkerchief in the basket hilt.

He was, moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious, and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway the immunities of the Alhambra as a royal residue and domain were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with firearms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he were of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at the gate,

and lead his horse by the bridle. Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capital, it must at all times be somewhat irksome to the captain general, who commands the province, to have thus an imperium in imperio, a petty, independent post, in the very center of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor, who took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction; and from the loose, vagrant character of the people who had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress, as in a sanctuary, and thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

Thus there was a perpetual feud and heart burning between the captain general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter, inasmuch as the smaller of two neighboring potentates is always the most captious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain general stood in the Plaza Neuva, immediately at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra, and here was always a bustle and parade of guards and domestics and city functionaries. A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his Toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering his quarry from his nest in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city it was in grand parade on horseback, surrounded by his guards, or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice of

carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, outriders, and lackey; on which occasions he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration as vicegerent of the king; though the wits of Granada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and, in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation "the king of the beggars." One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between these two doughty rivals was the right claimed by the governor to have all things passed free of duty through the city, that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees the privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of contrabandistas took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd, meddlesome escribano, or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in a maze of legal subtilties. He advised the captain general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of his city, and penned a long letter for him in vindication of the right. Governor Manco was a straightforward, cut-and-thrust old soldier, who hated an escribano worse than the devil, and this one in particular worse than all other escribanos.

"What!" said he, curling up his mustaches fiercely,

"does the captain general set his man of the pen to practice confusions upon me? I'll let him see an old soldier is not to be baffled by schoolcraft."

He seized his pen and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right of transit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any customhouse officer who should lay his unhallowed hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical potentates, it so happened that a mule laden with supplies for the fortress arrived one day at the gate of Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city, on its way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as rusty and stanch as an old Toledo blade.

As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the packsaddle of the mule, and, drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side glance of a cur passing through hostile ground, and ready for a snap and a snarl.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel at the gate.

"Soldier of the Alhambra," said the corporal, without turning his head.

"What have you in charge?"

"Provisions for the garrison."

"Proceed."

The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces before a posse of customhouse officers rushed out of a small tollhouse.

"Hallo there!" cried the leader. "Muleteer, halt, and open those packages."

The corporal wheeled round, and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

"A fig for the governor, and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

"Stop the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket. "Muleteer, proceed."

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack; the customhouse officer sprang forward and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal leveled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was immediately in an uproar.

The old corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks and cuffs and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain, as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons and conducted to the city prison, while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been well rummaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag and capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vapored about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he dispatched a message demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offenses of those under his command. The captain general, aided by the pen of the delighted escribano, replied at great length, arguing that as the offense had been committed

within the walls of his city, and against one of his civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtle escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who, mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage and receive the consolations of his friends.

A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to Spanish form, by the indefatigable escribano; the corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrances and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put in capilla, that is to say, in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the escribano, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

"What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?"

"All according to law; all in strict form of justice," said the self-sufficient escribano, chuckling and rubbing his hands. "I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case."

"Fetch it hither," said the governor. The escribano bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

"Prithee, man, get into the carriage, out of this pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee," said the governor.

The escribano entered the carriage, when, in a twinkling, the door was closed; the coachman smacked his whip; mules, carriage, guards and all dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel or exchange of prisoners — the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forth-

with caused a gallows, tall and strong, to be erected in the center of the Plaza Neuva, for the execution of the corporal.

"Oho! Is that the game?" said Governor Manco. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he in a message to the captain general, "hang my soldier when you please, but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your escribano dangling against the sky."

The captain general was inflexible; troops were paraded in the square; the drums beat; the bell tolled. An immense multitude of amateurs gathered together to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Capana, or Tower of the Bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd with a whole progeny of little embryo escribanos at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride. "For you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put the threat in execution, if you hang the soldier."

The captain general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamors of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra, under a guard in his gallows garb, like hooded friar, but with head erect and a face of iron. The escribano was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy and

conceit had evaporated; his hair, it is said, had nearly turned gray with affright, and he had a downcast dogged look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

The old governor stuck his arm akimbo, and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend," said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and above all, take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

## LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

WASHINGTON IRVING

JUST within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns, so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that water carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, others driving donkeys before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the scriptural days, have been noted gossiping places in hot climates; and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the livelong day by the invalids, old women, and other curious do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches, under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question every water carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maid-servants may be seen, lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France, the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain, the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but, "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout, shaggy-

haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns: "Who wants water — water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate, too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets[1]; and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisition for junket-

[1] A pair of concave disks held in the hand and clapped together with the fingers.

ing parties into the country on Sundays, and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-abed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water, neglecting house, household, and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossiping neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water jars; and however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated; for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and had a handful of maravedis[1] to spare, to take the whole of them forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night had been one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climates to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day, by lingering in the open air, and

[1] An early Spanish coin of small value.

enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water, therefore, still abroad, Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children.

"One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero for the little ones." So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song, or refreshment to the animal; for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by every one, except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him in surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by the jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity." He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow being in so forlorn a plight, so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual, on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright, when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated; for although she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house; the little water carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him on the ground in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressed him in a low voice. "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity."

So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood strapped round his body. "God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increasing violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils.[1]"

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the donkey, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of his gossiping tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of

[1] Spanish officers with duties similar to those of our constables.

others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept but with one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that, even in his sleep, he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quidnuncs[1] of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamation of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence, that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and, stealing forth silently, followed the water carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer the alcalde.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

[1] Gossips.

"Strange doings!" said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time. "Strange doings! Robbery and murder and burial all in one night!"

"Hey! How! What is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary — for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush — "I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him this blessed night. Accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, señor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be a rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? For as to merely entrapping the delinquent — that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty — that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil, a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad accord-

ing to the custom of his order in the ancient Spanish garb — a broad, black beaver turned up at its sides; a quaint ruff; a small, black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black underclothes that set off his spare, wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed, that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water carrier, and such was his speed and certainty that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns.

"Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together — "hark ye, culprit! There is no need in denying thy guilt; everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that was murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence. Alas! Not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandalwood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandalwood! A box of sandalwood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? Where have you concealed it?"

"And it please your grace," replied the water carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words when the keen alguazil darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay, more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once

more to the necessity of being his own water carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of the summer noon, his usual good humor forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow — "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jar — poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had clearly the vantage ground of him, having warned him not to commit the egregious act of hospitality which had brought on him all these misfortunes; and, like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food or needed a new garment, she would answer with a sneer: "Go to your father; he is heir to King Chico of the Alhambra; ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action? The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly the railings of his spouse. At length, one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but

his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood which lay on a shelf, with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor. "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, or "sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care!" Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangier, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bar, nay the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation,

as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If after all there should be treasure hid beneath that tower, and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well-nigh let fall his water jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. In the morning bright and early he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower, and try the effect of the charm; if it fails we are no worse off than before; but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper, the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying, he hastened home, and soon returned with the

end of a yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood.

The Moor felt it and smelled of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within it until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern, they groped their way through bushes and over fallen stones, to the door of the vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut in the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate farther, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watchtower strike midnight; upon this, they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe, they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these, they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils, and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glancing upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain

them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego; "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor; "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas, what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such one as Peregil the water carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well," cried she as he entered, "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a housemate." Then bursting into tears she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I

am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good, that no longer brings home bread to his family, but goes rambling about day and night, with infidel Moors! O my children! My children! What will become of us? We shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse, that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter, he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin, protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman, than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows, in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego hanging pendent from it; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses. "Now, wife," exclaimed the little man, with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

The honest Gallego returned to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with

gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact, she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other and thought that the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and grace and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich, Oriental pearls around her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was in his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water carrier decorated with the splendor of an Eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments than he posted off with speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over, the unfortunate

Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! Prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water carrier fell on his knees and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered, half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague, but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough

in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished this advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye deceive me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thun-

dering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the donkey could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor, "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man — more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water carrier, "will bring no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be

divided between us." So saying, he descended the steps, followed, with trembling reluctance, by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in the tomb.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done." So saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was no remedy, so the Moor and the water carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and in fact it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil ami-

cably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tangier, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal.

Here, under the constant admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence; for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil.

His progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Señora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasseled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of shrewd barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday.

# THE LEGEND OF THE ENCHANTED SOLDIER

WASHINGTON IRVING

EVERYBODY has heard of the Cave of St. Cyprian at Salamanca, where in old times judicial astronomy, necromancy, chiromancy, and other dark and damnable arts were secretly taught by an ancient sacristan; or, some will have it, by the devil himself in that disguise. The cave has long been shut up and the very site of it forgotten; though, according to tradition, the entrance was somewhere about where the stone cross stands in the small square of the seminary of Carvajal, and this tradition appears in some degree corroborated by the circumstances of the following story : —

There was at one time a student of Salamanca, Don Vicente by name, of that merry but mendicant class who set out on the road to learning without a penny in pouch for the journey, and who during college vacations beg from town to town and village to village to raise funds to enable them to pursue their studies through the ensuing term. He was now about to set forth on his wanderings, and, being somewhat musical, slung on his back a guitar with which to amuse the villagers and pay for a meal or a night's lodgings.

As he passed by the stone cross in the seminary square he pulled off his hat and made a short invocation to St. Cyprian for good luck, when casting his eyes upon the earth he perceived something glitter at the foot of the cross. On picking it up, it proved to be a seal ring of mixed metal, in which gold and silver appeared to be blended. The seal bore as a device two triangles crossing

each other so as to form a star. This device is said to be a cabalistic sign invented by King Solomon the Wise, and of mighty power in all cases of enchantment; but the honest student, being neither sage nor conjurer, knew nothing of the matter. He took the ring as a present from St. Cyprian in reward of his prayer, slipped it on his finger, made a bow to the cross, and strumming his guitar set off merrily on his wandering.

The life of a mendicant student in Spain is not the most miserable in the world, especially if he has any talent at making himself agreeable. He rambles at large from village to village and city to city wherever curiosity or caprice may conduct him. The country curates, who, for the most part, have been mendicant students in their time, give him shelter for the night and a comfortable meal, and often enrich him with several quartos or halfpence in the morning. As he presents himself from door to door in the streets of the cities, he meets with no harsh rebuff, no chilling contempt, for there is no disgrace attending his mendicity. Many of the most learned men in Spain have commenced their career in this manner; but if, like the student in question, he is a good looking varlet and a merry companion, and, above all, if he can play the guitar, he is sure of a hearty welcome among the peasants, and smiles and favors from their wives and daughters.

In this way, then, did our ragged and musical son of learning make his way over half the kingdom, with the fixed determination to visit the famous city of Granada before his return. Sometimes he was gathered for the night into the fold of some village pastor; sometimes he was sheltered under the humble but hospitable roof of the

peasant. Seated at the cottage door with his guitar he delighted the simple folk with his ditties; or striking up a fandango[1] or bolero, set the brown country lads and lasses dancing in the mellow twilight. In the morning he departed with kind words from host and hostess.

At length he arrived at the great object of his musical vagabondizing, the far famed city of Granada, and hailed with wonder and delight its Moorish towers, its lovely Vega, and its snowy mountains glistening through a summer atmosphere. It is needless to say with what eager curiosity he entered its gates, and wandered through its streets, and gazed upon its Oriental monuments. Every female face peering through a window or beaming from a balcony was to him a Zorayda or a Zelinda, nor could he meet a stately dame on the Alameda, but he was ready to fancy her a Moorish princess and to spread his student's robe beneath her feet.

His musical talent, his happy humor, his youth, and his good looks won him a universal welcome in spite of his ragged robes, and for several days he led a gay life in the old Moorish capital and its environs. One of his occasional haunts was the fountain of Avellanos, in the valley of the Darro. It is one of the popular resorts of Granada, and has been so since the days of the Moors; and here the student had an opportunity of pursuing his studies of female beauty, a branch of study to which he was a little prone.

Here he would take his seat with his guitar, improvise love ditties to admiring groups, or prompt with his music the ever ready dance. He was thus engaged one evening, when he beheld a padre of the Church advancing, at

[1] A Spanish dance.

whose approach every one touched the hat. He was evidently a man of consequence; he certainly was a mirror of good, if not of holy, living; robust and rosy-faced, and breathing at every pore, with the warmth of the weather and the exercise of the walk. As he passed along he would every now and then draw a maravedi out of his pocket, and bestow it on a beggar, with an air of signal beneficence. "Ah, the blessed father!" would be the cry. "Long life to him, and may he soon be a bishop!"

To aid his steps in ascending the hill, he leaned gently now and then on the arm of a handmaid.

The good padre looked benignantly on the company about the fountain, and took his seat with some emphasis on a stone bench, while the handmaid hastened to bring him a glass of sparkling water. He sipped it deliberately, and with relish, tempering it with one of those spongy pieces of frosted eggs and sugar so dear to Spanish epicures, and on returning the glass to the hand of the damsel pinched her cheek with infinite loving-kindness.

"Ah, the good pastor!" whispered the student to himself. "What a happiness would it be to be gathered into his fold with such a damsel for a companion!"

But no such good fare was likely to befall him. In vain he essayed those powers of pleasing which he had found so irresistible with country curates and country lasses. Never had he touched his guitar with such skill; never had he poured forth more soul-moving ditties; but he had no longer a country curate or country lass to deal with. The worthy priest evidently did not relish music, and the modest damsel never raised her eyes from the ground. They remained but a short time at the fountain.

The good padre hastened their return to Granada. The damsel gave the student one shy glance in retiring, but it plucked the heart out of his bosom!

He inquired about them after they had gone. Padre Thomas was one of the saints of Granada, a model of regularity — punctual in his hour of rising; his hour of taking a paseo for an appetite; his hours of eating; his hour of taking his siesta; his hour of playing his game of tresillo, of an evening, with some of the dames of the cathedral circle; his hour of supping; and his hour of retiring to rest, to gather fresh strength for another day's round of similar duties. He had an easy, sleek mule for his riding; a matronly housekeeper, skilled in preparing titbits for his table.

Adieu now to the gay, thoughtless life of the student; the side glance of a bright eye had been the undoing of him. Day and night he could not get the image of this most modest damsel out of his mind. He sought the mansion of the padre. Alas, it was above the class of houses accessible to a strolling student like himself. The worthy padre had no sympathy with him; he had never been obliged to sing for his supper. He blockaded the house by day, catching a glance of the damsel now and then as she appeared at a casement; but these glances only fed his flame without encouraging his hope. He serenaded her balcony at night, and at one time was flattered by the appearance of something white at a window. Alas, it was only the nightcap of the padre.

Never was lover more devoted; never damsel more shy; the poor student was reduced to despair. At length arrived the eve of St. John, when the lower classes of Granada swarm into the country, dance away the after-

noon, and pass midsummer's night on the banks of the Darro and the Xenil. Happy are they who, on this eventful night, can wash their faces in those waters just as the cathedral bell tells midnight; for at that precise moment they have a beautifying power. The student, having nothing to do, suffered himself to be carried away by the holiday-seeking throng until he found himself in the narrow valley of the Darro, below the lofty hill and ruddy towers of the Alhambra. The dry bed of the river, the rocks which border it, the terraced gardens which overhang it, were alive with variegated groups, dancing under the vines and fig trees to the sound of the guitar and castanets.

The student remained for some time in doleful dumps, leaning against one of the huge misshapen stone pomegranates which adorn the ends of the little bridge over the Darro. He cast a wistful glance upon the merry scene, where every cavalier had his dame; or, to speak more appropriately, every Jack his Jill; sighed at his own solitary state, a victim to the black eye of the most unapproachable of damsels, and repined at his ragged garb, which seemed to shut the gate of hope against him.

By degrees his attention was attracted to a neighbor equally solitary with himself. This was a tall soldier, of a stern aspect and grizzled beard, who seemed posted as a sentry at the opposite pomegranate. His face was bronzed by time; he was arrayed in ancient Spanish armor, with buckler and lance, and stood immovable as a statue. What surprised the student was, that though thus strangely equipped, he was totally unnoticed by the passing throng, albeit that many almost brushed against him.

"This is a city of old time peculiarities," thought the

student, "and doubtless this is one of them with which the inhabitants are too familiar to be surprised." His own curiosity, however, was awakened; and, being of a social disposition, he accosted the soldier.

"A rare old suit of armor that which you wear, comrade. May I ask what corps you belong to?"

The soldier gasped out a reply from a pair of jaws which seemed to have rusted on their hinges.

"The royal guard of Ferdinand and Isabella."

"Santa Maria! Why, it is three centuries since that corps was in service."

"And for three centuries have I been mounting guard. Now I trust my tour of duty draws to a close. Dost thou desire fortune?"

The student held up his tattered cloak in reply.

"I understand thee. If thou hast faith and courage, follow me, and thy fortune is made."

"Softly, comrade. To follow thee would require small courage in one who has nothing to lose but life and an old guitar, neither of much value; but my faith is of a different matter, and not to be put in temptation. If it be any criminal act by which I am to mend my fortune, think not my ragged cloak will make me undertake it."

The soldier turned on him a look of high displeasure.

"My sword," said he, "has never been drawn but in the cause of the faith and the throne. I am an old Christian; trust in me and fear no evil."

The student followed him, wondering. He observed that no one heeded their conversation, and that the soldier made his way through the various groups of idlers unnoticed, as if invisible.

Crossing the bridge, the soldier led the way by a narrow and steep path past a Moorish mill and aqueduct, and up the ravine which separates the domains of the Generalife from those of the Alhambra. The last ray of the sun shone upon the red battlements of the latter, which beetled far above: and the convent bells were proclaiming the festival of the ensuing day. The ravine was overshadowed by fig trees, vines, and myrtles, and the outer towers and walls of the fortress. It was dark and lonely, and the twilight-loving bats began to flit about. At length the soldier halted at a remote and ruined tower, apparently intended to guard a Moorish aqueduct. He struck the foundation with the butt end of his spear. A rumbling sound was heard, and the solid stones yawned apart, leaving an opening as wide as a door.

"Enter in the name of the Holy Trinity," said the soldier, "and fear nothing." The student's heart quaked, but he made the sign of the cross, muttered his Ave Maria, and followed his mysterious guide into a deep vault cut out the solid rock under the tower, and covered with Arabic inscriptions. The soldier pointed to a stone seat hewn along one side of the vault. "Behold," said he, "my couch for three hundred years." The bewildered student tried to force a joke. "By the blessed St. Anthony," said he, "but you must have slept soundly, considering the hardness of your couch."

"On the contrary, sleep has been a stranger to these eyes; incessant watchfulness has been my doom. Listen to my lot. I was one of the royal guards of Ferdinand and Isabella, but was taken prisoner by the Moors in one of their sorties, and confined a captive in this tower.

When preparations were made to surrender the fortress to the Christian sovereigns, I was prevailed upon by an alfaqui, a Moorish priest, to aid him in secreting some of the treasures of Boabdil in this vault. I was justly punished for my fault. The alfaqui was an African necromancer, and by his infernal arts cast a spell upon me to guard his treasures. Something must have happened to him, for he never returned, and here I have remained ever since, buried alive. Years and years have rolled away; earthquakes have shaken this hill; I have heard stone by stone of the tower above tumbling to the ground in the natural operation of time; but the spellbound walls of this vault have set both time and earthquakes at defiance.

"Once every hundred years, on the festival of St. John, the enchantment ceases to have thorough sway. I am permitted to go forth and post myself upon the bridge of the Darro, where you met me, waiting until some one shall arrive who may have power to break this magic spell. I have hitherto mounted guard there in vain. I walk as in a cloud, concealed from mortal sight. You are the first to accost me for now three hundred years. I behold the reason. I see on your finger the seal ring of Solomon the Wise, which is proof against all enchantment. With you it remains to deliver me from this awful dungeon, or to leave me to keep guard here for another hundred years."

The student listened to this tale in mute wonderment. He had heard many tales of treasure shut up under strong enchantment in the vaults of the Alhambra, but had treated them as fables. He now felt the value of the

seal ring, which had, in a manner, been given to him by St. Cyprian. Still, though armed by so potent a talisman, it was an awful thing to find himself tête-à-tête in such a place with an enchanted soldier, who, according to the laws of nature, ought to have been quietly in his grave for nearly three centuries.

A personage of this kind, however, was quite out of the ordinary run, and not to be trifled with, and he assured him he might rely upon his friendship and good will to do everything in his power for his deliverance.

"I trust to a motive more powerful than friendship," said the soldier.

He pointed to a ponderous iron coffer, secured by locks inscribed with Arabic characters. "That coffer," said he, "contains countless treasure in gold and jewels and precious stones. Break the magic spell by which I am enthralled, and one half of this treasure shall be thine."

"But how am I to do it?"

"The aid of a Christian priest and a Christian maid is necessary; the priest to exorcise the powers of darkness, the damsel to touch this chest with the seal of Solomon. This must be done at night. But have a care. This is solemn work, and not to be effected by the carnal-minded. The priest must be an old Christian, a model of sanctity, and must mortify the flesh, before he comes here, by a rigorous fast of four-and-twenty hours; and as to the maiden, she must be above reproach, and proof against temptation. Linger not in finding such aid. In three days my furlough is at an end; if not delivered before midnight of the third, I shall have to mount guard for another century."

"Fear not," said the student, "I have in my eye the very priest and damsel you describe; but how am I to regain admission to this tower?"

"The seal of Solomon will open the way for thee."

The student issued forth from the tower much more gayly than he had entered. The wall closed behind him, and remained solid as before.

The next morning he repaired boldly to the mansion of the priest, no longer a poor, strolling student, thrumming his way with a guitar; but an ambassador from the shadowy world, with enchanted treasures to bestow. No particulars are told of his negotiation, excepting that the zeal of the worthy priest was easily kindled at the idea of rescuing an old soldier of the faith and a strong box of King Chico from the very clutches of Satan; and then what alms might be dispensed, what churches built, and how many poor relatives enriched with the Moorish treasure!

As to the handmaid, she was ready to lend her hand, which was all that was required, to the pious work: and if a shy glance now and then might be believed, the ambassador began to find favor in her modest eyes.

The greatest difficulty, however, was the fast to which the good padre had to subject himself. Twice he attempted it, and twice the flesh was too strong for the spirit. It was only on the third day that he was enabled to withstand the temptations of the cupboard; but it was still a question whether he would hold out until the spell was broken.

At a late hour of the night the party groped their way up the ravine, by the light of a lantern, and bearing a basket with provisions for exorcising the demon of hunger

so soon as the other demons should be laid in the Red Sea.

The seal of Solomon opened their way into the tower. They found the soldier, seated on the enchanted strong box, awaiting their arrival. The exorcism was performed in due style. The damsel advanced, and touched the locks of the coffer with the seal of Solomon. The lid flew open, and such treasures of gold and jewels and precious stones as flashed upon the eye!

"Here's cut, and come again!" cried the student, exultingly, as he proceeded to cram his pockets.

"Fairly and softly," exclaimed the soldier. "Let us get the coffer out entire, and then divide."

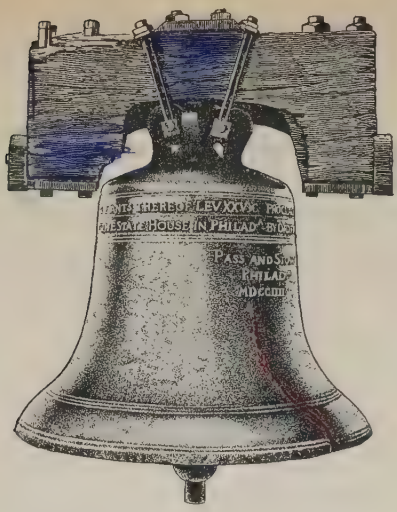
They accordingly went to work with might and main, but it was a difficult task; the chest was enormously heavy, and had been embedded there for centuries. While they were thus employed, the good dominie drew on one side, and made a vigorous onslaught on the basket, by way of exorcising the demon of hunger which was raging within him. In a little while a fat capon was devoured, and washed down by a deep potation; and, by way of grace after meat, he gave a kind-hearted kiss to the damsel who waited on him. It was quietly done in a corner, but the telltale walls babbled it forth as if in triumph. Never was chaste salute more awful in its effects. At the sound the soldier gave a great cry of despair; the coffer, which was half raised, fell back in its place and was locked once more. Priest, student, and damsel found themselves outside of the tower, the wall of which closed with a thundering jar. Alas, the good padre had broken his fast too soon.

When recovered from his surprise, the student would have reëntered the tower, but learned to his dismay that the damsel, in her fright, had let fall the seal of Solomon; it remained within the vault.

In a word, the cathedral bell tolled midnight; the spell was renewed; the soldier was doomed to mount guard for another hundred years; and there he and the treasure remain to this day, and all because the kind-hearted padre kissed his handmaid.

Thus ends the legend as far as it has been authenticated. There is a tradition, however, that the student had brought off treasure enough in his pocket to set him up in the world; that he prospered in his affairs, that the worthy padre gave him the damsel in marriage, by way of amends for the blunder in the vault; and she proved a pattern for wives.

The story of the enchanted soldier remains one of the popular traditions of Granada, though told in a variety of ways; the common people affirm that he still mounts guard on midsummer eve, beside the gigantic stone pomegranate on the bridge of the Darro, but remains invisible excepting to such lucky mortal as may possess the seal of Solomon.




## INDEPENDENCE BELL

ANONYMOUS

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,

Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then;
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal—
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,

As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! With deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts aloud, "Ring! Grandpa!
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old Statehouse bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living — ever young.
And while we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,

We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly INDEPENDENCE,
Which, please God, shall never die!

## NEW AND OLD

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

MAKE new friends but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test —
Time and change — are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends but keep the old.
Those are silver, these are gold.

## FORT WILLIAM HENRY MASSACRE

JOHN FISKE

NO sooner, however, had the garrison left the fort, than a rabble of Indians swarmed in and instantly tomahawked all the men who were confined to their bed by sickness.

This incident was like the tiger's foretaste for blood. The Indians were too numerous to be kept in control by their French allies. They understood their power, and were to the last degree indignant at the prospect of being balked in their bloodthirsty fury. The next morning, according to agreement, the English column started for Fort Edward with an escort of Canadian militia. At the moment of starting, a large party of Indians tomahawked and scalped seventeen wounded men in the presence of an inadequate French force that had been sent to guard them. Not long after the march had begun, another party rushed up from under cover of the trees and seized some seventy or eighty New Hampshire soldiers, and dragging them off under cover, massacred them at leisure. The short journey to Fort Edward was an evil one, for such acts of murder kept recurring in spite of Montcalm's persistent and furious efforts to prevent them. It is said that in the course of the march the Indians succeeded in dragging six or seven hundred persons from the column; but Montcalm was able to rescue four to five hundred of these.

The exact number of the victims has never been satisfactorily estimated, but it was enough to make Fort William Henry a name of horror to Americans for many a long year. To Montcalm it was an abiding grief; but while we must acquit the general of any share of this atrocity, it can hardly be denied that some of the French officers showed culpable weakness, acting as if they were more than half afraid of the red men themselves, so that they were over cautious about drawing the wrath of the murderers upon themselves. Take it all for all, it is one of the blackest incidents in the history of our country.

## BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

ROBERT MACKENZIE

FORT DU QUESNE had been built by the English, and taken from them by the French. It stood at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela; which rivers by their union at this point, form the Ohio. It was a rude piece of fortification, but the circumstances admitted of no better. The fort was built of the trunks of trees; wooden huts for the soldiers surrounded it. A little space had been cleared in the forest, and a few patches of wheat and Indian corn grew luxuriantly in that rich soil. The unbroken forest stretched all around. Three years later the little fort was retaken by the English and named Fort Pitt. Then in time it grew to be a town and was called Pittsburg; and men found in its neighborhood boundless wealth of iron and coal. To-day a great and fast growing city stands where, a century ago, the rugged fort with its cluster of ragged huts were the sole occupants; and the rivers, then so lonely, are plowed by many keels; and the air is dark with the smoke of innumerable furnaces.

The judgment of the sagacious Englishmen who deemed this a locality which they would do well to get hold of, has been amply borne out by the experience of posterity.

Braddock had no doubt that the fort would yield to him directly he showed himself before it. Benjamin Franklin looked at the project with his shrewd, cynical eye. He told Braddock that he would assuredly take the fort if he could only reach it; but that the long slender line which his army must form in its march "would be cut like thread

into several pieces" by the hostile Indians. Braddock "smiled at his ignorance." Benjamin offered no further opinion. It was his duty to collect horses and carriages for the use of the expedition, and he did what was required of him in silence.

The expedition crept slowly forward, never achieving more than three or four miles a day, stopping, as Washington said, "to level every molehill, to erect a bridge over every creek." It left Alexandria on the 20th of April. On the 9th of July Braddock, with half his army, was near the fort. There was yet no evidence that resistance was intended. No enemy had been seen; the troops marched on as to assured victory. So confident was their chief that he refused to employ scouts, and did not deign to inquire what enemy might be lurking near.

The march was along a road twelve feet wide, in a ravine, with high ground in front and on both sides. Suddenly the Indian war whoop burst from the woods. A murderous fire smote down the troops. The provincials, not unused to this description of warfare, sheltered themselves behind trees and fought with a steady courage. Braddock, clinging to his old rules, strove to maintain his order of battle in open ground. A carnage most grim and lamentable was the result. His undefended soldiers were shot down by an unseen foe. For three hours the struggle lasted; then the men broke and fled in utter rout and panic. Braddock, vainly fighting, fell mortally wounded, and was carried off the field by some of his soldiers. The poor pedantic man never got over his astonishment at a defeat so inconsistent with the established rules of war. "Who would have thought it?" he

murmured, as they bore him from the field. He scarcely spoke again, and died in two or three days. Nearly eight hundred men, killed and wounded, were lost in this disastrous encounter — about one half the entire force engaged.

## TEA PARTIES IN OLD TIMES

WASHINGTON IRVING

This selection is from the "Knickerbocker History of New York." You would probably read the book with great pleasure. You should also read from the "Sketch-Book," at least "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." To these you should add "The Alhambra." Having read these, you may safely be left to your own inclinations as to reading more of Irving.

IN those happy days, a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness of being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little, in my description, calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms,

nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains.

I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag — how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for, as yet, there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to ice creams, jellies, or sillabubs,[1] or regaled them with musty almonds, moldy raisins, or sour oranges, as it is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full

[1] A dish made of cream and wine.

of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronis of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting; no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

The parties broke up without noise and without con-

fusion. They were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present; if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

## THE FALL OF QUEBEC

JOHN FISKE

WOLFE sat buried in thought, occasionally repeating aloud verses from Gray's "Elegy," which had been published a few years before, and one line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," betrayed what was passing in his mind. "Gentlemen," he said to the officers with him, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

WOLFE

When they reached the landing place, the head of the column went ashore, under the lead of William Howe, youngest brother of the general who had been killed at Ticonderoga. As the sixteen hundred landed, the zig-

zag path was overcrowded, but there were so many bushes as to afford an abundance of handles and footholds on that steep precipice. The height of the climb was a little over two hundred feet, or about the same as that of Bunker Hill Monument.

But at length it was safely accomplished, and just as the first streaks of dawn glimmered on the eastern horizon, the gallant Howe with his men leaped upon the summit and scattered the French sentinels, who were seized with panic and stood not upon the order of their going. It was still early dawn when the sixteen hundred were drawn up in order on the plains of Abraham. Other boats were following close behind, and by six o'clock three thousand more had climbed the rocky wall.

The alarm was now spreading in many directions, but it was a long march for any of the French forces to reach the spot where Wolfe stood. When the tidings came to Montcalm his countenance fell. "This is a very serious business," he said, and instantly put a large portion of his force under marching orders. Not a moment was to be lost, for Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham was in possession of his line of communication. Nothing was to be done but to go and fight the English in a position where defeat meant destruction. By nine o'clock in the morning Montcalm had about five thousand men on the plateau, while Wolfe was waiting for the numbers of the French to reach a point where their defeat might be final; for now Wolfe had good grounds for confidently expecting victory. Only two thousand of the force opposed to him were French regulars. The rest were Canadian militia, unsurpassed in bush fighting, but hardly fit to withstand a

charge of British grenadiers. The attack was made by the French, who rushed forward with great spirit. Wolfe's orders to his men, like those of Prescott in later days at Bunker Hill, were to withhold their fire till the enemy were within very close range.

This order was strictly obeyed. When the volley was delivered, it made sad havoc in the French ranks, and when the British followed it with a solid bayonet charge on the double-quick, the French line was hopelessly broken. The firing in some parts of the field remained very brisk on both sides. In crossing an exposed place, Wolfe received a ball in the wrist which shattered the arm, but he tied it up with his handkerchief and kept on.

Presently a second ball struck him in the groin without causing him to stop, and almost immediately afterward a third passed through one of his lungs. As he staggered, he was seized by four men, who carried him to the rear and laid him upon the ground. He was already somewhat comatose, when one of the officers exclaimed, "My God! See how they run!" "Who run?" exclaimed Wolfe, rousing himself. "The enemy," replied the officer, "is giving way everywhere." The young general's eyes lighted up once more as he eagerly cried out, "Go, one of you, my lads, to Colonel Burton and tell him to march down to the Charles River Bridge and cut off their retreat;" then turning upon his side he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace."

For Montcalm, too, the final summons had come, and he was no more to see the beautiful Provençal home for which he had so wearily yearned. As he was approaching one of the gates of the city, mounted on his black horse,

a bullet was lodged in his chest, which in the intensity of excitement he hardly seemed to feel. As he passed through the gate a party of women, seeing the blood streaming down his waistcoat burst into loud lamentations: "He is killed! The Marquis is killed!" "Do not weep for me, my children," said he; "it's nothing." But as he said the words, he fell from his horse and was caught in the arms of his officers. When the surgeon informed him that the wound was mortal, his reply was, "So much the better. I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered."

Thus came to a close one of the greatest scenes in the history of mankind, the final act in the drama which gave the North American continent into the keeping of the English race instead of the French; and perhaps there has never been a historic drama in which the leading parts have been played by men of nobler stuff than Montcalm and Wolfe. After the fall of Quebec there could be no doubt that the fate of Canada was decided.

## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

This song was written in 1798, when there was danger of a war with France. It was written to be sung to the music of a piece known as the "President's March," and was first sung for the benefit of a noted actor, and was received by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm. In a very short time it was sung from Maine to Georgia.

HAIL, Columbia! Happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! Heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! Rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour

Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm, united, etc.

## THE NOBLEST MEN

ANONYMOUS

THE noblest men that live on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who backed by no ancestral graves
Hew down the woods and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er their task,
Who carve the stone, or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain!
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! For their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

## THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

ROBERT MACKENZIE

BUT, happily for Virginia, there sailed with these reprobate founders of a new empire a man whom Providence had highly gifted with fitness to govern his fellow men. His name was John Smith. No writer of romance would have given his hero this name; but, in spite of his name, this man was truly heroic. He was still under thirty, a strong-limbed, deep-chested, massively built man. From boyhood he had been a soldier — roaming over the world in search of adventures, wherever hard blows were being exchanged. He was mighty in single combat. Once, while opposing armies looked on, he vanquished three Turks, and, like David, cut off their heads, and bore them to his tent. Returning to England when the passion for colonizing was at its height, he caught at once the prevailing impulse. He joined the Virginian expedition; ultimately he became

JOHN SMITH

its chief. His fitness was so manifest, that no reluctance on his own part, no jealousies on that of his companions, could bar him from the highest place. Men became kings of old by the same process which now made Smith a chief.

The "dissolute persons" sailed in their ships up the James River. Landing there, they proceeded to construct a little town, which they named Jamestown, in honor of the King. This was the first colony which struck its roots in American soil. The colonists were charmed with the climate and with the luxuriant beauty of the wilderness on whose confines they had settled. But as yet it was only a wilderness. The forest had to be cleared that food might be grown. The exiled gentlemen labored manfully, but under grievous discouragements. "The axes so oft blistered their tender fingers, that many times every third blow had a loud oath to drown the echo."

Smith was a man upon whose soul there lay a becoming reverence for sacred things. He devised how to have every man's oaths numbered; "and at night, for every oath, to have a can of water poured down his sleeve." Under this treatment the evil assuaged.

The emigrants had landed in early spring. Summer came with its burning heat; supplies of food ran low. "Had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness," Smith wrote, "we might have been canonized as saints."

The colonists sickened and died. From those poor blistered fingers dropped forever the unaccustomed ax. Before autumn every second man had died. But the

hot Virginian sun, which proved so deadly to the settlers, ripened the wheat they had sowed in the spring, and freed the survivors from the pressure of want. Winter brought them a healthier temperature and abundant supplies of wild fowl and game.

When the welfare of the colony was in some measure secured, Smith set forth with a few companions to explore the interior of the country. He and his followers were captured by the Indians, and the followers were summarily butchered. Smith's composure did not fail him in the worst extremity. He produced his pocket compass, and interested the savages by explaining its properties. He wrote a letter in their sight — to their infinite wonder. They spared him, and made a show of him in all the settlements round about. He was to them an unfathomable mystery. He was plainly superhuman.

Whether his power would bring them good or evil, they were not able to determine. After much hesitation they chose the course which prudence seemed to counsel. They resolved to extinguish powers so formidable, regarding whose use they could obtain no guarantee. Smith was bound and stretched upon the earth, his head resting upon a great stone. The mighty club was uplifted to dash out his brains. But Smith was a man who won golden opinions from all. The Indian chief had a daughter, Pocahontas, a child of ten or twelve years. She could not bear to see the pleasing Englishman destroyed. As Smith lay waiting the fatal stroke, she caught him in her arms and interposed herself between him and the club. Her intercession prevailed, and Smith was set free.

Five years later, "an honest and discreet" young Englishman called John Rolfe loved this young Indian girl. He had a sore mental struggle about uniting himself with "one of barbarous breeding and of a cursed race." But love triumphed. He labored for her conversion, and had the happiness of seeing her baptized in the little church of Jamestown. Then he married her. After a time he took her home to England. Her appearance was pleasing; her mind was acute; her piety was sincere; her manners bore picturesque evidence of her forest upbringing. The English King and Court regarded her with lively interest as the firstfruits of the wilderness. Great hopes were founded on this union of the two races. She is the brightest picture — this young Virginian wife and mother — which the history of the doomed native races presents to us. But she did not live to revisit her native land. Death parted her very early from her husband and her child.

When Smith returned from captivity the colony was on the verge of extinction. Only thirty-eight persons were left, and they were preparing to depart. With Smith hope returned to the despairing settlers. They resumed their work, confident in the resources of their chief. Fresh arrivals from England cheered them. The character of these reënforcements had not as yet improved. "Vagabond gentlemen" formed the majority of the settlers — many of them, we are told, "packed off to escape worse destinies at home." The colony, thus composed, had already gained a very bad reputation — so bad that some, rather than be sent there, "chose to be hanged, and were."

Over these most undesirable subjects Smith ruled with

an authority which no man dared or desired to question. But he was severely injured by an accidental explosion of gunpowder. Surgical aid was not in the colony. Smith needed to go to England, and once more hungry ruin settled down upon Virginia. In six months the five hundred men whom Smith had left dwindled to sixty. These were already embarked and departing when they were met by Lord Delaware, the new governor. Once more the colony was saved. Years of quiet growth succeeded.

## THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

James Russell Lowell was born in 1819, in Cambridge, Mass. He died in 1891. He was one of the leading American poets. Many of his minor poems are exceedingly beautiful. Some of them will be given in this and following volumes. Of the longer poems "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is, perhaps, the most beautiful. Nothing that Mr. Lowell ever wrote aroused more interest than "The Biglow Papers," though interest in them has somewhat lessened as the conditions that caused their publication have long since passed away.

LOWELL

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some cords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough,
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

## THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

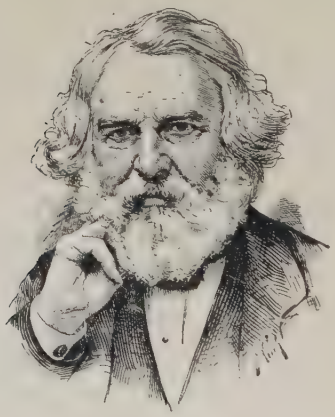
Schiller, the great national poet of Germany, was born at Marbach in 1759. He first studied law, then medicine; then the works of Shakespeare, Rousseau, and Goethe led him to give himself to literature. He wrote the "History of the Thirty Years' War," "Wallenstein," which is perhaps his greatest work, many dramas, of which "William Tell" is the most popular, and a great number of smaller works. He died in 1805.

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow:
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven, —
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth, —
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
Thy charities on all.



LONGFELLOW

## EXCELSIOR

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath.
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

## THE BRIDGE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" said he:
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

## A PSALM OF LIFE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE BUILDERS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rime.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

## THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel!
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

# THE SALEM WITCHCRAFT

ROBERT MACKENZIE

IN the month of February the daughter and niece of Mr. Paris became ill. It was a dark time for Massachusetts; for the colony was at war with the French and Indians, and was suffering cruelly from their ravages. The doctors sat in solemn conclave on the afflicted girls, and pronounced them bewitched. Mr. Paris, not doubting that it was so, bestirred himself to find the offenders. Suspicion fell upon three old women, who were at once seized. And then, with marvelous rapidity, the mania spread. The rage and fear of the distracted community swelled high. Every one suspected his neighbor. Children accused their parents; parents accused their children. The prisons could scarcely contain the suspected. The town of Falmouth hanged its minister, a man of intelligence and worth. Some near relations of the Governor were denounced. Even the beasts were not safe. A dog was solemnly put to death for the part he had taken in some Satanic festivity.

For more than twelve months this mad panic raged in the New England states. It is just to say that the hideous cruelties which were practiced in Europe were not resorted to in the prosecution of American witches. Torture was not inflicted to wring confession from the victim. The American test was more humane, and not more foolish, than the European. Those suspected persons who denied their guilt were judged guilty, and hanged; those who confessed were, for the most part, set free. Many hundreds of innocent persons, who scorned to pur-

chase life by falsehood, perished miserably under the fury of an excited people.

The fire had been kindled in a moment; it was extinguished as suddenly. The Governor of Massachusetts only gave effect to the reaction which had occurred in the public mind when he abruptly stopped all prosecutions against witches, dismissed all the suspected, pardoned all the condemned. The House of Assembly proclaimed a fast — entreating that God would pardon the errors of his people "in a late tragedy raised by Satan and his instruments."

One of the judges stood up in church in Boston, with bowed-down head and sorrowful countenance, while a paper was read, in which he begged the prayers of the congregation that the innocent blood which he had erringly shed might not be visited on the country or on him. The Salem jury asked forgiveness of God and the community for what they had done under the power of "a strong and general delusion."

Poor Mr. Paris was now at a sad discount. He made public acknowledgment of his error. But at his door lay the origin of all this slaughter of the unoffending. His part in the tragedy could not be forgiven. The people would no longer endure his ministry, and demanded his removal. Mr. Paris resigned his charge, and went forth from Salem a broken man.

If the error of New England was great and most lamentable, her repentance was prompt and deep. Five-and-twenty years after she had clothed herself in sackcloth, old women were still burned to death for witchcraft in Great Britain. The year of blood was never repeated in America.

## WARREN'S ADDRESS

JOHN PIERPONT

STAND! The ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! They're afire!
And before you see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

## THE TREE

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

THE Tree's early leafy buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries are grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them: all are for thee."
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

## THE BLUE JAY

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT

By permission of Dana Estes and Company.

O BLUE Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did it happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think, —
You bonniest bit of spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
  The lily beside it seemed blurred:
And then they said, "We will toss it in the air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
  Let this pretty one be a bird."

## OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

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O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
  And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless, vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save themselves for morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles, like jewels shining,
And redder still, on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

## SLAVERY

ROBERT MACKENZIE

THE negro slave trade was an early result of the discovery of America. To utilize the vast possessions which Columbus had bestowed upon her, Spain deemed that compulsory labor was indispensable. The natives of the country naturally fell the first victims to this necessity. Terrible desolations were wrought among the poor Indians. Proud, and melancholy, they could not be reconciled to their bondage. They perished by thousands under the merciless hand of their new taskmasters.

Charles V heard with remorse of this ruin of the native races. Indian slavery was at once and peremptorily forbidden. But laborers must be obtained, or those splendid possessions would relapse into wilderness. Spanish merchants traded to the coasts of Africa, where they bought gold dust and ivory, for beads and ribbons and scarlet cloaks. They found there a harmless, idle people, whose simple wants were supplied without effort on their part; and who, in the absence of inducement, neither labored nor fought. The Spaniards bethought them of these men to cultivate their fields, to labor in their mines. They were gentle and tractable; they were heathens, and therefore the proper inheritance of good Catholics; by baptism and instruction in the faith, their souls would be saved from destruction. Motives of the most diverse kinds urged the introduction of the negro.

At first the traffic extended no farther than to criminals. Thieves and murderers, who must otherwise have been put to death, enriched their chiefs by the purchase money which the Spaniards were eager to pay. But on all that coast no rigor of law could produce offenders in numbers sufficient to meet the demand. Soon the limitation ceased. Unoffending persons were systematically kidnapped and sold. The tribes went to war in the hope of taking prisoners whom they might dispose of to the Spaniards.

England was not engaged in that traffic at the outset. Ere long her hands were as deeply tainted with its guilt as those of any other country. But for a time her intercourse with Africa was for blameless purposes of commerce; and while that continued, the English were regarded with confidence by the Africans. At length one John Lok,

a shipmaster, stole five black men and brought them to London. The next Englishman who visited Africa found that the theft had damaged the good name of his countrymen. His voyage was unprofitable, for the natives feared him. When this was told in London the mercantile world was troubled, for the African trade was a gainful one. The five stolen men were conveyed safely home again.

This was the opening of our African slave trade. Then, for the first time, did our fathers feel the dark temptation, and thus hesitatingly did they at first yield to its power. The traffic in ivory and gold dust continued. Every Englishman who visited the African coast had occasion to know how actively and how profitably Spain and Portugal, too, traded in slaves. He knew that on all that rich coast there was no merchandise so lucrative as the unfortunate people themselves. It was not an age when such seductions could be long withstood. The English traders of that day were not the men to be held back from a gainful trade by mere considerations of humanity.

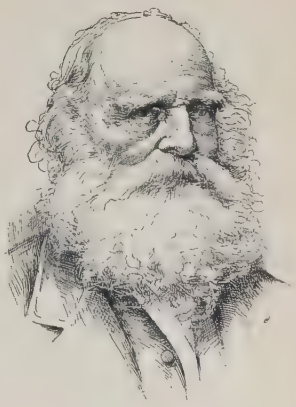
Sir John Hawkins made the first English venture in slave trading. He sailed with three vessels to Sierra Leone. There, by purchase, or by violence, he possessed himself of three hundred negroes. With this freight he crossed the Atlantic, and at St. Domingo he sold the whole at a great profit. The fame of his gains caused great sensation in England, and he was encouraged to undertake a second expedition. Queen Elizabeth and many of her courtiers took shares in the venture. After many difficulties Hawkins collected five hundred negroes. His voyage was a troublous one. He was beset with calms; water ran short, and it was feared that a portion

of the cargo must have been flung overboard. "Almighty God, however," says this devout man-stealer, "who never suffers his elect to perish," brought him to the West Indies without the loss of a man. But there had arrived before him a rigorous interdict from the king of Spain against the admission of foreign vessels to any of his West Indian ports. Hawkins was too stout-hearted to suffer such frustration of his enterprise. After some useless negotiation he landed a hundred men with two pieces of cannon; landed and sold his negroes; paid the tax which he himself had fixed; and soon in quiet England divided his gains with his royal and noble patrons. Thus was the slave trade established in England. Three centuries after we look with horror and remorse upon the results which have followed.

## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. He was a precocious child, and began to write verse at the age of eight, at ten made contributions to the press, wrote a finished metrical essay at thirteen, and "Thanatopsis" at seventeen. He produced no poem later in life that excelled this. In his old age he wrote "The Flood of Years," which somewhat resembles it. He went to Williams College, but remained only seven months. He read law, and for eight years practiced in Plainfield and Great Barrington.



BRYANT

In 1821 he published a volume containing "Thanatopsis," "The

Age," and other poems. From a literary point of view, that year was a remarkable one. Cooper's "Spy," Irving's "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," Channing's early essays, and Webster's Plymouth oration were all published that year.

BRYANT'S HOME AT ROSLYN

Bryant wrote many poems and published translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." For many years he edited the *New York Evening Post*, and largely influenced the public mind on literary and moral matters. He was in many ways greatly honored in his old age. In 1878 he died at Roslyn, N. Y., where he had lived for many years.

COME, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rimes
On planting the apple tree."

## SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING

F. G. LEE

SPEAK gently to the erring, — ye know not all the power,
With which the dark temptation came, in some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly they struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came, and sadly thus they fell.

Speak gently of the erring, — oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet:
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring, — for is it not enough,
That innocence and peace are gone, without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot, that sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate, their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly of the erring, — thou yet may'st lead him back
With holy words, and tones of love, from misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned, and sinful yet must be:
Deal kindly with the erring one, as God hast dealt with thee.

## LULLABY FOR TITANIA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*First Fairy*

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

*Chorus*

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good night, with lullaby.

*Second Fairy*

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

*Chorus*

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good night, with lullaby.

## ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link;
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes: —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

## THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

IS this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a twitter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

# RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have described the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Hol-

land, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all the family squabbles; and never failed, when they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children at the village, too, would shout with joy

whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even although he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulders for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray

or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces,

and take to the outside of the house, the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods, but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of the broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when, by chance, an old newspaper fell into their hands from some

passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; the evening was gradually

advanced ; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys ; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion : a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and

assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style to that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist

entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lackluster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of

excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh, that flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his

dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He

shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture reduced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in

the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about the rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at loss to comprehend the question when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one

arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas, gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! A tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit "what he came there for, and whom he was seeking?" The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand : war, Congress, Stony Point ; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle ?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle !" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle" yonder, leaning against the tree.

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name ?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end, "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder, — no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed ; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am !"

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed

through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question to ask, and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since. She broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.

"I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome

home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Henry Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and

returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time ; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a Revolutionary War — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the

tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Henry Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draft out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

## THERE'S A WEDDING IN THE ORCHARD

MARY MAPES DODGE

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, daughter of Professor J. J. Mapes, was born in New York. In 1873 she became the editor of "St. Nicholas." She wrote several volumes of poems, among the number being "Rhymes and Jingles" and "Along the Way," the latter volume being the one from which this poem is taken. Her most noted book is "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates." "Donald and Dorothy" is also very popular.

THERE'S a wedding in the orchard, dear,
I know it by the flowers;
They're wreathed on every bough and branch,
Or falling down in showers.

The air is in a mist, I think,
And scarce knows which to be —
Whether all fragrance, clinging close,
Or bird song, wild and free.

And countless wedding jewels shine,
And golden gifts of grace;
I never saw such wealth of sun
In any shady place.

It seemed I heard the fluttering robes
Of maidens clad in white,
The clasping of a thousand hands
In tenderest delight;

While whispers ran among the boughs
Of promises and praise;
And playful, loving messages
Sped through the leaf-lit waves.

Then were there swayings to and fro;
The weeds a-tiptoe rose,
And sang the breeze a sudden song
That sank to sudden close;

And just beyond the wreathèd aisles
That end against the blue,
The raiment of the wedding choir
And priest came shining through.

And though I saw no wedding guest,
Nor groom, nor gentle bride,
I know that holy things were asked,
And holy love replied.

Soon will the lengthening shadows move
Unwillingly away,
Like friends who linger with adieux
Yet are not bid to stay.

I follow where the bluebird leads,
And hear its soft "good night,"
Still thinking of the wedding scene
And aisles of flowery light.

## THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

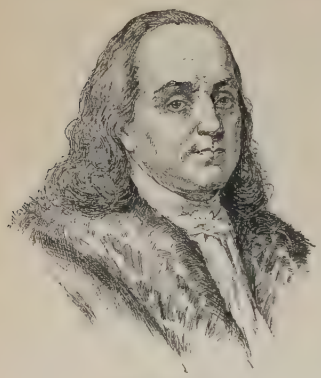
## THE WHISTLE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston in 1706. He is one of the most famous of Americans and you should know him, his life, and works well. It is hoped that the following selections will incline you to read more of his writings.

WHEN I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily

offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.



FRANKLIN

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, don't give too much for the whistle; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, this man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another, fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, he pays indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, alas, say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

## THE WAY TO WEALTH

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

COURTEOUS READER—I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his work respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's

goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what do you think of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: —

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us: *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again;* and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;* and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;* while *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;* and *Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise*, as Poor Richard says.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;* whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. *Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.*

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady,

settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eye, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says: —

*I never saw an oft-removed tree,*
*Nor yet an oft-removed family,*
*That throve so well as those that settled be.*

And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire;* and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.* And again,

*He that by the plow would thrive,*
*Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;* and again, *Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;* and again, *Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.* Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;* but a man's own care is profitable; for, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for the want of a little care about a horseshoe nail.*

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep

his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will;* and

*Many estates are spent in getting,*
*Since women for tea, forsook spinning and knitting,*
*And men for punch, forsook hewing and splitting.*

*If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.*

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families. And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses; *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties loves shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them. . . . If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing*, as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says: —

*Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;*
*Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.*

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all

of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

*Vessels large may venture more,*
*But little boats shall keep near shore.*

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as poor Richard says, *Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities. . . . When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as to his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent who have money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

*For age and want save while you may;*
*No morning sun lasts a whole day.*

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *it is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

*Get what you can and what you get hold;*
*'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.*

And when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom, but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other*, as poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.* However, remember this, *They that will not be counseled, cannot be helped;* and further that, *If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles*, as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs, and had digested all that I had

dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired anyone else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

## ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave and may snatch again,
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain.

# THE BOER AND HIS HORSE

ELIHU BURRITT

WHEN I was a small child and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read, of a horse, that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Boer, which means that he was a man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with the plow and hoe.

He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare, and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

But a day came that proved the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared, and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that smote them with all their might.

Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent, and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on to a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to be reached with a rope.

The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood with which to build a raft. The waves

leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat nor raft, and their hearts were sick within them. Then the Boer was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time.

He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip nor spur she dashed in, and, with a rope tied to her tail, swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath.

At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned, and once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore.

The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse; he put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried to the last pulse of her heart.

She walked straight into the wild sea. All on shore

held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes.

Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength.

The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it halfway between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more; her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath; then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly all of a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Boer and his horse. They were as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

## THE LARK AND THE ROOK

ANONYMOUS

"GOOD NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said the little lark,
"The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray;
I've sung my hymn to the parting day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow — good night, Sir Rook!"

"Good night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

"I opened my eyes at the peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
And I said to myself, 'What a foolish bird!'

"I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered — good night, poor thing!"

"Good night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice,
"I see no cause to repent my choice;

You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

## TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron growing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, — "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword;
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold
And spoils of the forest free.

And they sang, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said, — "Alas! That ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, — "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,
As he fashioned the First Plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands.
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he.
And for the Plowshare and the Plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plow,
We'll not forget the Sword.

## THE BLIND BOY

COLLEY CIBBER

O, SAY, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Make either day or night?

My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My peace of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

## THE RIVER

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

RIVER! River! Little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! Swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! Brimming River!
Broad and deep and *still* as Time;
Seeming *still* — yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! Rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! River! Headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

## THE HEN THAT HATCHED DUCKS

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

ONCE there was a nice young hen that we will call Mrs. Feathertop. She was a hen of most excellent family, being a direct descendant of the Bolton Grays, and as pretty a young fowl as you should wish to see in a summer's day. She was, moreover, as fortunately situated in life as it was possible for a hen to be. She was brought up by young Master Fred Little John, with four or five family connections of hers, and a lively young cock, who was held to be as brisk a scratcher and as capable a head of a family as any half-dozen sensible hens could desire.

I can't say that at first Mrs. Feathertop was a very sensible hen. She was very pretty and lively, to be sure, and a great favorite with Master Bolton Gray Cock, on account of her bright eyes, her finely shaded feathers, and certain saucy dashing ways that she had, which seemed greatly to take his fancy. But old Mrs. Scratchard, living in the neighboring yard, assured all the neighborhood that Gray Cock was a fool for thinking so much of that flighty young thing; that she had not the smallest notion how to get on in life, and thought of nothing in the world but her own pretty feathers. "Wait till she comes to have chickens," said Mrs. Scratchard. "Then you will see. I have brought up ten broods myself, — as likely and respectable chickens as ever were a blessing to society, — and I think I ought to know a good hatcher and brooder when I see her; and I know *that* fine piece of trumpery, with her white feathers tipped with gray, never will come down to family life. *She* scratch for chickens! Bless me, she never did anything in all her days but run round and eat the worms which somebody else scratched up for her!"

When Master Bolton Gray heard this, he crowed very loudly like a cock of spirit, and declared that old Mrs. Scratchard was envious because she had lost all her own tail feathers, and looked more like a worn-out old feather duster than a respectable hen, and that therefore she was filled with sheer envy of anybody that was young and pretty. So young Mrs. Feathertop cackled gay defiance at her busy rubbishy neighbor, as she sunned herself under the bushes on fine June afternoons.

Now Master Fred Little John had been allowed to have these hens by his mamma on condition that he would build

their house himself, and take all the care of it; and to do Master Fred justice, he executed the job in a small way quite creditably. He chose a sunny, sloping bank covered with a thick growth of bushes, and erected there a nice little hen house, with two glass windows, a little door, and a good pole for his family to roost on. He made, moreover, a row of nice little boxes with hay in them for nests, and he bought three or four little smooth white china eggs to put in them, so that when his hens did lay, he might carry off their eggs without their being missed. The hen-house stood in a little grove that sloped down to a wide river, just where there was a little cove which reached almost to the hen house.

This situation inspired one of Master Fred's boy advisers with a new scheme in relation to his poultry enterprise. "Hullo! I say, Fred," said Tom Seymour, "you ought to raise ducks; you've got a capital place for ducks there."

"Yes,— but I've bought *hens*, you see," said Freddy; "so it's no use trying."

"No use! Of course there is! Just as if your hens couldn't hatch ducks' eggs. Now you just wait till one of your hens wants to sit, and you put ducks' eggs under her, and you'll have a family of ducks in a twinkling. You can buy ducks' eggs, a plenty, of Old Sam under the hill; he always has hens hatch his ducks."

So Freddy thought it would be a good experiment, and informed his mother the next morning that he intended to furnish the ducks for the next Christmas dinner; and when she wondered how he was to come by them, he said mysteriously, "Oh, I will show you how!" but did not further explain himself.

The next day he went with Tom Seymour, and made a trade with Old Sam, and gave him a middle-aged jackknife for eight of his ducks' eggs. Sam, by the way, was a woolly-headed old negro man, who lived by the pond hard by, and who had long cast envying eyes on Fred's jackknife, because it was of extra fine steel, having been a Christmas present the year before. But Fred knew very well there were any number more of jackknives where that came from and that, in order to get a new one, he must dispose of the old ; so he made the trade and came home rejoicing.

Now about this time Mrs. Feathertop, having laid her eggs daily with great credit to herself, notwithstanding Mrs. Scratchard's predictions, began to find herself suddenly attacked with nervous symptoms. She lost her gay spirits, grew dumpish and morose, stuck up her feathers in a bristling way, and pecked at her neighbors if they did so much as to look at her. Master Gray Cock was greatly concerned, and went to old Doctor Peppercorn, who looked solemn, and recommended an infusion of angleworms, and said he would look in on the patient twice a day till she was better.

"Gracious me, Gray Cock!" said old Goody Kertarkut, who had been lolling at the corner as he passed, "aren't you a fool? Cocks always are fools. Don't you know what is the matter with your wife? She wants to sit, — that's all ; and you just let her sit! A fiddlestick for Doctor Peppercorn! Why, any good old hen that has brought up a family knows more than a doctor about such things. You just go home and tell her to sit, if she wants to, and behave herself."

When Gray Cock came home, he found that Master

Freddy had been before him, and established Mrs. Feathertop upon eight nice eggs, where she was sitting in gloomy grandeur. He tried to make a little affable conversation with her, and to relate his interview with the doctor and Goody Kertarkut, but she was morose and sullen, and only pecked at him now and then in a very sharp, unpleasant way; so after a few more efforts to make himself agreeable, he left her, and went out promenading with the captivating Mrs. Red Comb, a charming young Spanish widow, who had just been imported into the neighboring yard.

"Bless my soul!" said he, "you've no idea how cross my wife is."

"Oh, you horrid creature!" said Mrs. Red Comb; "how little you feel for the weaknesses of us poor hens!"

"On my word, ma'am," said Gray Cock, "you do me injustice. But when a hen gives way to temper, ma'am, and no longer meets her husband with a smile, — when she even pecks at him whom she is bound to honor and obey" —

"Horrid monster! Talking of obedience! I should say, sir, you came straight from Turkey!" And Mrs. Red Comb tossed her head with a most bewitching air, and pretended to run away, and old Mrs. Scratchard looked out of her coop and called to Goody Kertarkut: —

"See how Mr. Gray Cock is flirting with that widow. I always knew she was a baggage."

"And his poor wife left at home all alone," said Goody Kertarkut. "It's the way with 'em all!"

"Yes, yes," said Dame Scratchard, "she'll know what real life is now, and she won't go about holding her head

so high, and looking down on her practical neighbors that have raised families."

"Poor thing, what'll she do with a family?" said Goody Kertarkut.

"Well, what business have such young flirts to get married?" said Dame Scratchard. "I don't expect she'll raise a single chick; and there's Gray Cock flirting about fine as ever. Folks didn't do so when I was young. I'm sure my husband knew what treatment a sitting hen ought to have, — poor old Long Spur, — he never minded a peck or so now and then. I must say these modern fowls aren't what fowls used to be."

Meanwhile the sun rose and set, and Master Fred was almost the only friend and associate of poor little Mrs. Feathertop, whom he fed daily with meal and water, and only interrupted her sad reflections by pulling her up occasionally to see how the eggs were coming on.

At last "Peep, peep, peep!" began to be heard in the nest, and one little downy head after another poked forth from under the feathers, surveying the world with round, bright, winking eyes; and gradually the brood was hatched, and Mrs. Feathertop arose, a proud and happy mother, with all the bustling, scratching, care-taking instincts of family life warm within her breast. She clucked and scratched and cuddled the little downy bits of things as handily and discreetly as a seven-year-old hen could have done, exciting thereby the wonder of the community.

Master Gray Cock came home in high spirits and complimented her; told her she was looking charmingly once more, and said, "Very well, very nice!" as he surveyed the young brood. So that Mrs. Feathertop began to feel

the world was going well with her, — when suddenly in came Dame Scratchard and Goody Kertarkut to make a morning call.

"Let's see the chicks," said Dame Scratchard.

"Goodness me," said Goody Kertarkut, "what a likeness to their dear papa!"

"Well, but bless me, what's the matter with their bills?" said Dame Scratchard. "Why, my dear, these chicks are deformed! I'm sorry for you, my dear, but it's all the result of your inexperience; you ought to have eaten pebble-stones with your meal when you were sitting. Don't you see, Dame Kertarkut, what bills they have? That'll increase, and they'll be frightful!"

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Feathertop, now greatly alarmed.

"Nothing, as I know of," said Dame Scratchard, "since you didn't come to me before you sat. I could have told you all about it. Maybe it won't kill 'em, but they'll always be deformed."

And so the gossips departed, leaving a sting under the pinfeathers of the poor little hen mamma, who began to see that her darlings had curious little spoonbills different from her own, and to worry and fret about it.

"My dear," she said to her spouse, "do get Doctor Peppercorn to come in and look at their bills, and see if anything can be done."

Doctor Peppercorn came in, and put on a monstrous pair of spectacles, and said: "Hum! Ha! Extraordinary case, — very singular!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, Doctor?" said both parents, in a breath.

"I've read of such cases. It's a calcareous enlargement of the vascular bony tissue, threatening ossification," said the Doctor.

"Oh, dreadful! — Can it be possible?" shrieked both parents. "Can anything be done?"

"Well, I should recommend a daily lotion made of mosquitoes' horns and bicarbonate of frogs' toes, together with a powder, to be taken morning and night, of muriate of fleas. One thing you must be careful about; they must never wet their feet, nor drink any water."

"Dear me, Doctor, I don't know what I *shall* do, for they seem to have a particular fancy for getting into the water."

"Yes, a morbid tendency often found in these cases of bony tumification of the vascular tissue of the mouth; but you must resist it, ma'am, as their life depends upon it." And with that Doctor Peppercorn glared gloomily on the young ducks, who were stealthily poking the objectionable little spoonbills out from under their mother's feathers.

After this poor Mrs. Feathertop led a weary life of it; for the young fry were as healthy and enterprising a brood of young ducks as ever carried saucepans on the end of their noses, and yet they most utterly set themselves against the Doctor's prescriptions, murmured at the muriate of fleas and the bicarbonate of frogs' toes, and took every opportunity to waddle their little ways down to the mud and water which was in their near vicinity. So their bills grew larger and larger, as did the rest of their bodies, and family government grew weaker and weaker.

"You'll wear me out, children, you certainly will," said poor Mrs. Feathertop.

"You'll go to destruction, — do you hear?" said Master Gray Cock.

"Did you ever see such frights as poor Mrs. Feathertop has got?" said Dame Scratchard. "I knew what would become of *her* family,—all deformed, and with a dreadful sort of madness, which makes them love to shovel mud with those shocking spoonbills of theirs."

"It's a kind of idiocy," said Goody Kertarkut. "Poor things! They can't be kept from the water, nor made to take powders, and so they get worse and worse."

"I understand it's affecting their feet so that they can't walk, and a dreadful sort of net is growing between their toes; what a shocking visitation!"

"She brought it on herself," said Dame Scratchard. "Why didn't she come to me before she sat? She was always an upstart, self-conceited thing, but I'm sure I pity her."

Meanwhile the young ducks throve apace. Their necks grew glossy like changeable green and gold satin, and though they would not take the Doctor's medicine, they would waddle in the mud and water, — for which they always felt themselves to be very naughty ducks, — yet they grew quite vigorous and hearty. At last one day the whole little tribe waddled off down to the bank of the river. It was a beautiful day, and the river was dancing and dimpling and winking as the little breezes shook the trees that hung over it.

"Well," said the biggest of the little ducks, "in spite of Doctor Peppercorn, I can't help longing for the water. I don't believe it is going to hurt me, — at any rate, here goes."

And in he plumped, and in went every duck after him, and they threw out their great brown feet as cleverly as if they had taken rowing lessons all their lives, and sailed off on the river, away, away, among the ferns, under the pink azaleas, through reeds and rushes, and arrowheads and pickerel weed, the happiest ducks that ever were born, and soon they were quite out of sight.

"Well, Mrs. Feathertop, this is a dispensation," said Mrs. Scratchard. "Your children are all drowned at last, just as I knew they'd be. The old music teacher, Master Bullfrog, that lives down in Water Dock Lane, saw 'em all plump madly into the water together this morning; that's what comes of not knowing how to bring up a family."

Mrs. Feathertop gave only one shriek and fainted dead away, and was carried home on a cabbage leaf, and Mr. Gray Cock was sent for, where he was waiting on Mrs. Red Comb through the squash vines.

"It's a serious time in your family," said Goody Kertarkut, "and you ought to be at home supporting your wife. Send for Doctor Peppercorn without delay."

Now as the case was a very dreadful one, Doctor Peppercorn called a council from the barnyard of the Squire, two miles off, and a brisk young Doctor Partlett appeared in a fine suit of brown and gold, with tail feathers like meteors. A fine young fellow he was, lately from Paris, with all the modern scientific improvements fresh in his head.

When he had listened to the whole story, he clapped his spur into the ground, and, leaning back, laughed so loud that all the cocks in the neighborhood crowed.

Mrs. Feathertop rose up out of her swoon, and Mr. Gray Cock was greatly enraged.

"What do you mean, sir, by such behavior in the house of mourning?"

"My dear sir, pardon me — but there is no occasion for mourning. My dear madam, let me congratulate you. There is no harm done. The simple matter is, dear madam, you have been under an hallucination all along. The neighborhood and my learned friend the Doctor have all made a mistake in thinking that these children of yours were hens at all. They are ducks, ma'am, evidently ducks, and very finely formed ducks, I dare say."

At this moment a quack was heard, and at a distance the whole tribe were seen coming waddling home, their feathers gleaming in green and gold, and they themselves in high good spirits.

"Such a splendid day as we have had!" they all cried in a breath. "And we know now how to get our own living; we can take care of ourselves in future, so you need have no further trouble with us." "Madam," said the Doctor, making a bow with an air which displayed his tail feathers to advantage, "let me congratulate you on the charming family you have raised. A finer brood of young healthy ducks I never saw. Give claw, my dear friend," he said, addressing the elder son. "In our barnyard no family is more respected than that of the duck's."

And so Madam Feathertop came off glorious at last; and when after this the ducks used to go swimming up and down the river like so many nabobs among the admiring hens, Doctor Peppercorn used to look after them and say, "Ah, I had the care of their infancy!" and Mr. Gray Cock and his wife used to say, "It was our system of education did that!"

## AFTER THE STORM

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

AND when, — its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea —
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

## A FAIRY IN ARMOR

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

HE put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistledown;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a ladybug green,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his firefly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket star.

## IN MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and the youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

# VERSES

## WILLIAM COWPER

Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! Where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech, —
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford:
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Nor sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind,
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there:
But alas! Recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

# THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

CHARLES DICKENS

HAROLD was crowned king of England on the very day of the Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them.

STATUE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
At Falaise, his birthplace.

Some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor had made a will, appointing Duke William of Normandy his successor. It is not unlikely, as William was his kinsman, being the grandson of that Richard of Normandy, the Confessor's uncle, who had received long ago, with such kindness, his nephews and their mother, when they fled from England to escape the cruel Danes.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near." In a little while he added, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraws his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" replied his brother with a smile.

"The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian's son Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing toward England.

By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the divers-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead; and now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong, on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not

bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests."

"My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon," said Duke William.

Some proposals for reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose.

There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-ax.

On an opposite hill, in three lines — archers, foot soldiers, horsemen — was the Norman force. Of a sudden a great battle cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, "God's rood! Holy-rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was the beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut down men and horses.

The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of the Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks, around their king. Shoot

upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn — a dreadful spectacle — all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell — and he and his knights were carousing within — and soldiers with torches going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the piles of dead — and the banner, with its warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled in blood — and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field.

## THE BOY COLUMBUS

ANONYMOUS

"'TIS a wonderful story," I hear you say,
"How he struggled and worked and plead and prayed,
And faced every danger undismayed,
With a will that would neither break nor bend,
And discovered a new world in the end —
But what does it teach to a boy of to-day?
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course,
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:
There is nothing left for a boy to find,
If he had ever so much a mind
To become a discoverer famous;
And if we'd much rather read a book
About some one else, and the risks he took,
Why, nobody, surely, can blame us."

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known —
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown,
They have carried a venturing prow?
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,
That await their discoverer's footfall; spread fair
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene
And await their Columbus securely.
There are new worlds in Science and new worlds in Art,
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart
Will discover his new world surely.

## A LEAP FOR LIFE

CALVIN C. COLTON

OLD IRONSIDES at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone,
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging run
And on the main truck stood.

A shudder ran through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high;
There stood the boy with dizzy brain
Between the sea and sky.

No hold had he above, below ;
Alone he stood in air !
To that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, — but not a man could speak ;
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped,
"O God, thy will be done ! "
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump far out, boy, into the wave !
Jump, or I fire ! " he said.
"That chance alone your life can save ;
Jump ! Jump, boy ! " — He obeyed.

He sank, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —
He for the ship struck out.
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a joyous shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

## OUR COUNTRY

ANONYMOUS

OUR country! 'Tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

Great God! We thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

# OLD CHIRON'S SCHOOL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley was an English clergyman and author. He wrote poems for children, some of which are given in this series. His most noted novels are "Alton Locke" and "Westward Ho." He wrote "Greek Hero Stories," from which this selection is made.

ÆSON was king of Iolcus by the sea; but for all that, he was an unhappy man. For he had a stepbrother named Pelias, a fierce and lawless man who was the doer of many a fearful deed, and about whom many dark and sad tales were told. At last Pelias drove out Æson, his stepbrother, and took the kingdom for himself, and ruled over the rich town of Iolcus by the sea.

And Æson, when he was driven out, went sadly away from the town, leading his little son by the hand; and he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the mountains, or Pelias will surely kill him, because he is the heir." So he went up from the sea across the valley, through the vineyards and olive groves, and across a foaming torrent toward Pelion, the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow.

He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and footsore, and Æson had to bear him in his arms, till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave at the foot of a mighty cliff. Above the cliff the snow wreaths hung, dripping and cracking in the sun; but at its foot, around the cave's mouth, grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden arranged in order, each sort by itself. There they grew gayly in the sunshine,

and in the spray of the torrent from above; while from the cave came a sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Then Æson put down the lad, and whispered: —

"Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees, and say, 'In the name of the Father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

Then the lad went in without trembling, for he, too, was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in wonder, to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer lying upon bearskins and fragrant boughs: Chiron, the ancient Centaur, the wisest of all beings beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man; but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild and his forehead like a mountain wall.

And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck he sang till his eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light.

And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens, and the dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether, and the fire, and the shaping of the wondrous earth. And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden jewels of the mine, and the veins of fire and metal, and the virtues of all healing herbs, and of the speech of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to come.

Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood, and a valiant heart; and of music and hunting, and wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of

travel, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight; and then he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice in the land; and as he sang, the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the song.

And at last Chiron was silent, and called the lad with a soft voice. And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Chiron smiled and said, "Call hither your father Æson; for I know you and all that has befallen you."

Then Æson came in sadly, and Chiron asked him, "Why came you not yourself to me, Æson?"

And Æson said: "I thought, Chiron will pity the lad if he sees him come alone; and I wished to try whether he was fearless, and dare venture like a hero's son. But now I entreat you, let the boy be your guest till better times, and train him among the sons of the heroes that he may become like them, strong and brave."

And Chiron answered: "Go back in peace and bend before the storm like a prudent man. This boy shall not leave me till he has become a glory to you and your house."

And Æson wept over his son and went away; but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur, and his song, and the playfellows whom he was to see. Then Chiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout was heard outside. And then in came the sons of the heroes, — Æneas, and Hercules, and Peleus, and many another mighty name.

And great Chiron leaped up joyfully, and his hoofs made the cave resound, as they shouted, "Come out,

Father Chiron; come out and see our game." And one cried, "I have killed two deer," and another, "I took a wild cat among the crags." And Hercules dragged a wild goat after him by its horns; and Cæneus carried a bear cub under each arm, and laughed when they scratched and bit; for neither tooth nor nail could wound him. And Chiron praised them all, each according to his deserts.

Only one walked apart and silent, Æsculapius, the too wise child, with his bosom full of herbs and flowers, and round his wrist a spotted snake; he came with downcast eyes to Chiron, and whispered how he had watched the snake cast his old skin, and grow young again before his eyes, and how he had gone down into a village in the vale, and cured a dying man with an herb which he had seen a sick goat eat. And Chiron smiled and said: —

"To each there has been given his own gift, and each is worthy in his place. But to this child there has been given an honor beyond all honors, — to cure while others kill."

Then some of the lads brought in wood, and split it, and lighted a blazing fire; and others skinned the deer and quartered them, and set them to roast before the fire; and while the venison was cooking they bathed in the snow torrent, and washed away the dust and sweat. And then all ate till they could eat no more — for they had tasted nothing since the dawn — and drank of the clear springs of water, for wine is not fit for growing lads. And when the remnants were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his heart.

And after a while they all went out to a plot of grass

at the cave's mouth, and there they boxed, and ran, and wrestled, and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

Then Chiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands ; and as he played, they danced to his measure, in and out, and round and round. There they danced hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with their broad white limbs, and the gleam of their golden hair.

And the lad danced with them, delighted, and then slept a wholesome sleep, upon fragrant leaves of bay, and myrtle, and marjoram, and flowers of thyme ; and rose at the dawn, and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons. And in course of time he forgot Iolcus, and Æson his father, and all his former life. But he grew strong, and brave, and cunning, upon the rocky heights of Pelion, in the keen, hungry mountain air. And he learned to wrestle, and to box, and to hunt, and to play upon the harp ; and next, he learned to ride, for old Chiron often allowed him to mount upon his back ; and he learned the virtues of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds; and Chiron called him Jason the healer, and that is his name until this day.

## THE TWO WEAVERS

HANNAH MORE

AS at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat, —
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my bairns and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! His wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? Why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know, —
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still, in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout —
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out.*"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
*Is but a carpet inside out.*

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the *whole* intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace,
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All honor and design appear,
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

## A STORY OF AN APPLE TREE

ANNA M. WELLS

IN an orchard old and shady,
Once a little tree was born ;
Very slow at first its growth was
Scarcely taller than the corn.

But, at length, the changing seasons,
Moistened earth, and sunny sky
Nourished so the growing sapling,
That it branched out, broad and high.

One gay morning in the springtime,
Little buds, green, pink, and white,
From the tender twigs outreaching,
Softly opened to the light.

Two or three warm days of sunshine,
Two or three baptizing showers,
And the buds burst forth in blossoms
Fair and sweet as summer flowers.

Each white blossom, rosy-tinted,
Sat within a cup of green,
Rising whence, like fairy torches,
Golden stamens stood between.

'Mid the petals madly plunging,
With a fierce and noisy glee,
Eager for the hoarded honey,
Buzzed all day the toiling bee.

Girls and boys bend down the branches,
Passing in the morning cool,
Taking nosegays thence to cheer them
Through the lengthened hours of school.

On the boughs the white hen roosted,
There the red-tailed cock was seen,
With their canopies above them,
Like a monarch and his queen.

Breezes came and kissed the blossoms,
Pleased their playfellows to be ;
But, at last, too rudely sportive,
Shook them, tore them from the tree.

Falling thus, all widely scattered,
There a carpet soft they made,
Heaps on heaps of velvet petals
Woven in with light and shade.

Still the sturdy cups that held them
Kept their places on the stem,
And within their clasping bosoms
Bore they each a precious gem.

Pushing upward, warm and eager,
Now scarce larger than a pea,
Strove young apples, hard and bitter,
Ripened in the sun to be.

Hard and hairy. Will such atoms
Ever reach to size and strength?
Will the apple robe of beauty
Wrap their meager forms at length?

All the days of June delightful,
When the damask roses grew,
'Mid thick leaves concealed, the apples
Silently were growing, too.

And the robin redbreast saw them
As she sat within her nest,
Patient, motionless, and watchful,
With the eggs beneath her breast.

Larger, larger, all through July
Robin saw them; but before
August came, came forth her young ones,
And she watched the fruit no more.

Robin said, "Of course my children
I must nourish; yet I'm loath
To abandon those young apples,—
Hope it will not stop their growth."

All the apples laughed to hear her:
Larger grew they every day,
Swelling in the glow of summer,
Ripening in the noontide ray.

Like the streaks upon the tulip,
Purple gleams across them spread,
Or they yellowed in the sunlight,
Or they blushed a rosy red.

And the people at the farmhouse,
When October days had come,
Joyful, brought and filled their baskets,
Bore the fragrant apples home.

Now the tree, her look so lively,
Look so fresh, had ceased to wear;
Bird and bee had left her, — only
Robin's empty nest was there.

Hour by hour the leaves were dropping,
And among the boughs, forlorn,
Autumn wind came sighing, sobbing,
Till the last brown leaf was born.

White-winged hen and kingly rooster
Soon the failing tree forsook, —
In the barn, on beam or rafter,
More at ease their slumber took.

Bravely stood the tree and cheery,
Though so gray and leafless grown;
Hopeful still, but very lonely, —
Ev'n the empty nest blown down.

When the winter snowdrifts covered
All the landscape, high and low,
Tippets white she wrapped about her,
Graceful tippets of the snow.

March! And now the frozen raindrops
Glittering hung from all her stems,
And she stood in jewels blazing,
Decked from top to toe in gems.

Then at last, with soft embraces,
Spring returned. Without pursuit
Came the young buds, came the blossom,
Came the foliage, came the fruit.

Bravely should we meet our troubles,
Patient, whatsoe'er they bring,
For the dear God sends the winter
Only to restore the spring.

## THE BRAHMIN AND THE ROGUE

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

A PIOUS Brahmin, it is written, made a vow, that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and, on the appointed morning, he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighborhood three rogues, who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it. The first met him and said: "Oh, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice." "It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day."

Then the impostor opened a bag, and brought out of it

an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out: "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue, callest thou that cur a sheep?" "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. Oh, Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods." "Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Praised be the gods," said the second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?" When the Brahmin heard this, his mind waved to and fro like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the newcomer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur." "Oh, Brahmin," said the newcomer, "thou art drunk or mad."

At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say." To this the others agreed; and the Brahmin called out, "Oh, stranger, what dost thou call this beast?" "Surely, oh, Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep." Then said the Brahmin, "Surely the gods have taken away my senses," — and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee,[1] and offered it up to the gods, who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

[1] *Ghee:* Butter that has been clarified by boiling, straining, and skimming until it becomes a semi-solid oil capable of being kept many years. It is largely used in India in cookery, medicine, and religious rites.

Thus, or nearly thus, if we remember rightly, runs the story of the Sanscrit Æsop. The moral, like the moral of every fable that is worth telling, lies on the surface. The writer evidently means to caution us against the practices of puffers, — a class of people who have more than once talked the public into the most absurd errors.

## EVENING SONG

JOHN FLETCHER

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dewdrops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads :
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from underground ;
At whose rising, mists unsound,

Damps and vapors fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And forever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell.

## THE GRASS

EMILY DICKINSON

THE grass so little has to do,—
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything.

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine, —
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away, —
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!

## COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

BLAZON Columbia's emblem
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Æons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,

With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread :
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize —
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze ;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the god's own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty, and joy, and rest ;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold ;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold ;
But the shield of the great Republic,

The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn —
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

## THE BOBOLINKS

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

WHEN Nature had made all her birds,
With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again; out flew a mate;
A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,
They flew and sang forever;
Their souls through June were all in tune,
Their wings were weary never.

Their tribe, still drunk with air and light,
And perfume of the meadow,
Go reeling up and down the sky,
In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet grass;
Another follows after;
The morn is thrilling with their songs
And peals of fairy laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook,
They set the tall weeds swinging,
And meet and frolic in the air,
Half prattling and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow lands
In green and russet billows,
And toss the lonely elm tree's boughs,
And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,
Or with its motion swaying,
Your notes half drowned against the wind,
Or down the current playing.

When far away o'er grassy flats,
Where the thick wood commences,
The white-sleeved mowers look like specks,
Beyond the zigzag fences,

And noon is hot, and barn roofs gleam,
While in the pale blue distance,
I hear the saucy minstrels still
In chattering persistence.

When eve her domes of opal fire
Piles round the blue horizon,
Or thunders roll from hill to hill
A Kyrie Eleison,

Still merriest of the merry birds,
Your sparkle is unfading, —
Pied harlequins of June, — no end
Of song and masquerading.

* * * * * *

Hope springs with you : I dread no more
Despondency and dullness;
For Good Supreme can never fail
That gives such perfect fullness.

The life that floods the happy fields
With song, and light, and color
Will shape our lives to richer states,
And heap our measures fuller.

## MEMORY GEMS

Familiarity does not breed contempt, except of contemptible things, or in contemptible people. — Brooks.

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

— Seneca.

No ignorant, no indolent, no irreligious people can ever be permanently a free people. — ALVORD.

> Wrongs do not leave off where they begin,
> But still beget new mischiefs in their course.
>
> — DANIEL.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthful; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices. — BEECHER.

Education is the bulwark of freedom and free government.

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man on what he is going to say.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt. — LORD CLARENDON.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.
— O'CONNELL.

The way to fame is like the way to Heaven — through much tribulation. — STERNE.

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn. — BURNS.

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle. — ANGELO.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. — SIDNEY.

A parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science does a great injury to mankind as well as to his own family; for he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance. — KENT.

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected, — a police in citizens' clothes, — but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it. — EMERSON.

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Love your God and your fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws.

— PRESIDENT PORTER.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

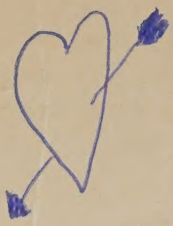
— RUFUS CHOATE.

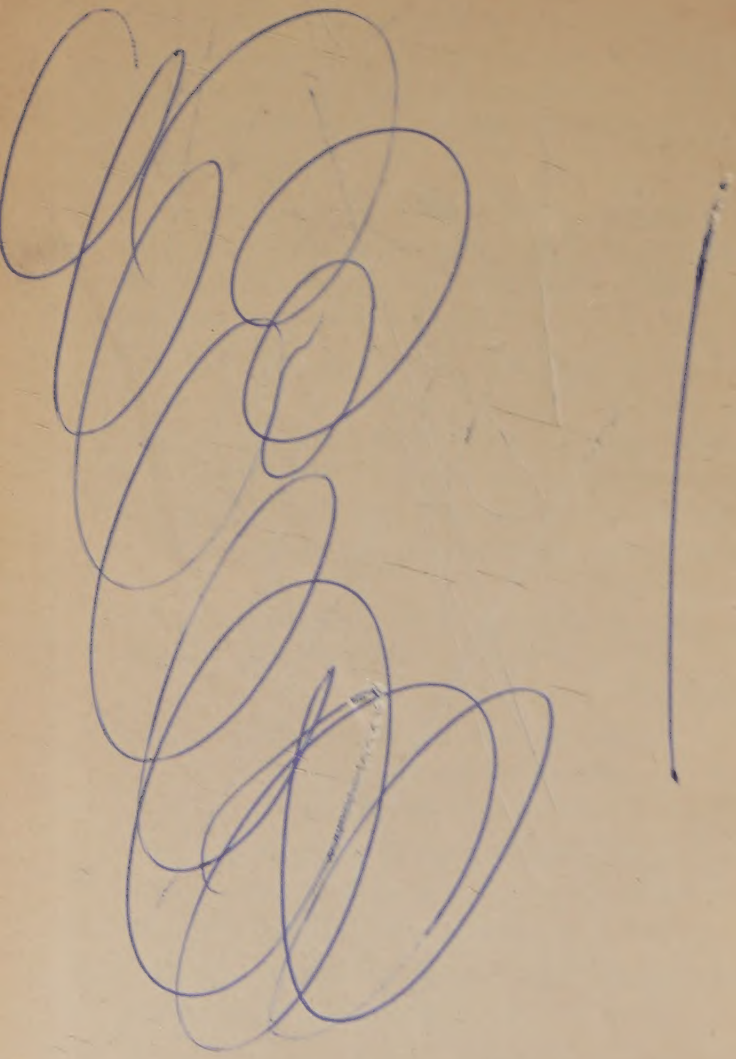
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest. — SHAKESPEARE.

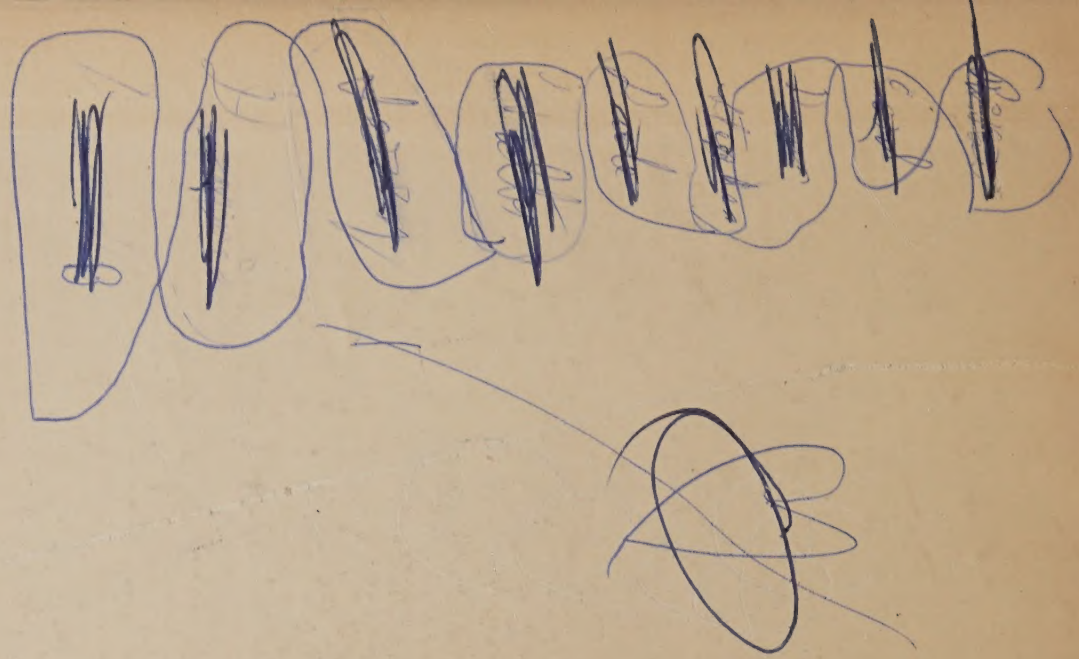
He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken. — LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry. — HALIBURTON.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. — SHENSTONE.







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